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ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHA TER II—Continued.

She hesitated a moment, her hands nervously engaged with the gloves. Then she said, frankly.

"I suppose it is only sensible to speak quite candidly with you, Mr. Ashton-Kirk, as one does with a lawyer or a physician."

"Of course," said he.

For another moment she seemed to be turning her thoughts over and seeking the best means of making a beginning.

"It is very silly of me, I know," she said; 'but I feel quite like the working girl who writes to the correspondence editor of an evening paper for advice in smoothing out her love affairs." She bent toward him, the laugh vanishing from her face, a troubled look taking its place, and continued: "I am to be married—some day—and it is about that that I wish to speak to you."

"I realize the difficulties of the subject," spoke Ashton-Kirk quietly.

"What I am going to tell you I have never mentioned to anyone before. It has been three years ago—four years at Christmas time—since I first met Allan Morris," she said. "Our engagement so quickly followed that my friends said it was a very clear case of love at first sight. Perhaps it was!

"However that might be, we were very happy for a time. But trouble was in store for us. I had always believed in long engagements, had always been outspoken against them, in fact. This is perhaps what made me so quickly notice an absence of haste on Mr. Morris' part as to the wedding. When the subject came up, as it naturally would, he seemed to avoid it. At first I was surprised; but finally I grew annoyed, and spoke my mind very frankly.

"You see, he is not at all well off, and I am—well I have a great deal. I thought this might have something to do with his apparent reluctance. But no, it was something else. As I just said, I spoke frankly; and he was equally candid, after a fashion. He said it was quite impossible for us to be married for some time. There was something—he did not say what—which must first be settled. Naturally I grew curious. I desired to know what it was that so stood in the way of our happiness. He replied that it was something that must not be spoken of, and was so very earnest in the matter that I did not mention it again—for a long time.

"You may think, Mr. Ashton-Kirk, that my fiance was no very ardent lover. But I was assured, and I do not lack perception, that he was passionately fond of me. And I still think so. But as time went by, things did not alter; our wedding was a vague expectation; even more than before Mr. Morris avoided mention of anything definite.

"I am not naturally patient; and my rearing as the only child of an enormously rich man has perhaps added to my impetuousness. In a burst of temper one day, I broke the engagement, gave him back his ring and did a number of other rather silly things. But he was so tragic in his despair—so utterly broken-hearted and white—that I immediately relented and we patched the matter up once more. That he loved me was plain; but that he could not marry me—for some mysterious reason—was even plainer.

"After this I began to notice a change in him. He was rather silent and given to reverie; he seldom laughed. Sometimes he was haggard and so wrought up, apparently, that he could scarcely contain himself. He would pace the floor, evidently with little realization as to what he was doing. Once he was really dreadfully agitated. I calmed him as well as I could, and he sat for a long time, thinking deeply. As I watched him, he sprang to his feet and dashing his fist upon a table, cried out, passionately:

"'The black-hearted rascal! He's mocking me!'

"Then like a flash he realized the strangeness of his conduct, and with anxious, alarmed face, asked my pardon. I felt that this was an opportunity to put an end to a situation that was growing intolerable. My persistent questioning gained me something, but, on the whole, not a great deal."

"The thing that was troubling him was a business matter. In some way he was in the hands of some one—these are the indefinite threads that I gathered—a mocking, jeering, smiling someone whom he hated, but from whom he could not free himself.

"I began to tell him that there could be nothing strong enough in itself to prevent our happiness, but he stopped me in such a way that I did not feel inclined to continue. In an outburst, filled with denunciations of his enemy and protestations of devotion to myself, I caught the name of Hume. He had dropped this inadvertantly. I knew it instantly because of the swift look that he gave me. But I allowed no hint of what I thought to show in my face. He was more subdued during the remainder of his stay; the mentioning of the name had startled him, and he was doubtless afraid that his state of mind would lead him into further indiscretions.

"As you may suppose, the name—the first tangible thing that I had learned—was of much interest to me. If I could but find out who this person was, I could probably get to the bottom of the matter."

At this point Miss Vale paused; and Ashton-Kirk noted her head lift proudly.

"Perhaps," she continued, 'it might be thought that I had no right to make such an effort in a matter which Mr. Morris saw fit to keep from me. Were you thinking of that? But I am not a silent sufferer. I usually make an end of annoying things without delay. And I would have done so in this case long before, but I was in love; and I could not bear to see Allan suffer by my insistence.

"However, here was an opportunity to perhaps aid him, and I set to work. In a few hours next day I had located every person of the name of Hume in the city. Mr. Morris is a consulting engineer. Anyone named Hume who, from his occupation, would be likely to have dealings with him especially attracted my attention. There were only a few, and long before the day was over I had satisfied myself by personal visits at their places of business that they did not even know him."

Ashton-Kirk smiled. One of his well-kept hands patted applause upon the arm of his chair.

"You are strong," said he. "I recognized your type when you came in. It is a pleasure to have one's judgment so thoroughly and satisfactorily proven."

Miss Vale looked pleased.

"I am very glad that you approve of what I did," she said. "I confess I had some hesitancy, but not enough to prevent my carrying out the design. But when the first effort proved without result, I set about making a study of all the Humes in the directory. I had my secretary make me a typed list of them, with their addresses and occupations, and I pored over this for hours at a time.

"There was one that caught my eye after a while; probably this was because of the unusualness of his business. The directory gave him as a numismatist; but I drove by his shop in my car, and the sign over the window said that he was also a dealer in curiosities of art.

"This gave me an idea. Mr. Morris is an ardent collector; his hobby is engraved gems, and for a man of his means his possessions in this line are quite remarkable. It was easily within the range of possibility that he had had transactions with this particular Hume—at least that he was acquainted with him. The more I thought of this, the more curious I grew; and one afternoon I paid the place a visit. It is on the second floor; the entrance is through a side door and up a narrow, dusty stairway. Then I had to make my way along a dark, windowless passage to the office or shop in the front.

"This shop was well lighted and literally stuffed with what were well termed 'curiosities of art.' I never before saw such queer carvings, such freakish pottery, such weird and utterly impossible bric-a-brac. At a table sat a flabby-looking man with a short sandy beard. One glance told me that he was an habitual drunkard, for he had the sodden look that is unmistakable. But when he arose and bid me good evening his manner struck me like a blow in the face. Allan Morris had spoken of a mocking person who jeered and smiled. And that described this man exactly. There was mockery in every glance of his dull eyes; every twitch of his mouth was a jeer; with each gesture he seemed making game of one; sneering incredulity was stamped all over him."

Ashton-Kirk leaned forward with keen interest.

"My manner must have betrayed me," the girl went on, "for I saw an inquiring crease come into his forehead. When he asked the nature of my business his voice was sharp and insolent.

"I had not thought as to what I should say, what excuse I should give in this case. But almost instantly my mind was made up. About the most conspicuous thing in the room was a squat Japanese idol—a fat, grinning, hideous thing which sat upon a sort of pedestal near the door. So I laid my hand on it."

"'I was told of this, said I, examining the idol minutely, 'and came in to see it.'

"'Ah, yes,' said he. But it was plain enough that he did not believe me.

"I inquired the price of the figure. He named a high one, and I believe I astonished him by purchasing it without another word. The idol was delivered late that afternoon. I had it unpacked at once and placed where Mr. Morris could not fail to see it when he called."

"A clever plan," commented Ashton-Kirk admiringly.

"He saw it when he entered the room and greeted me. He was smiling, and the smile froze on his lips, his face went pale, and he turned a look upon me that filled me with fear, it was so wan and startled.

"I had intended telling him the full truth if my ruse succeeded. But after that look I could not. I convinced him by a nonchalant manner and story that I had come by the idol accidentally. At least I think I convinced him, though I noticed his watching me steadily from under very level brows more than once during the evening. But if he had any suspicions that I was deceiving him, he did not put them into words."

Here Miss Vale paused for a moment. Then she resumed:

"I tried in various ways to gain a knowledge of the relationship between my fiance and this sneering shopkeeper, but they were all ineffectual. Mr. Ashton-Kirk, this occurred fully three months ago, and the situation remains the same as it was upon that night."

Then with a suddenness that startled the young man she lifted two trembling hands to her face and began to sob gaspingly. When she took the hands away there were no signs of tears, but her beautiful face was drawn with pain and her voice shook as she said:

"I don't think I can stand it much longer. I beg of you not to think lightly of my story; for the thing that stands between Allan Morris and myself is deadly. As I watch him I can see that his heart is breaking; his health is failing, there is a look of fear in his eyes." She reached forward and her hand rested upon the sleeve of Ashton-Kirk. "He is at the mercy of this mocking monster that I have described to you. It is killing him, and through him it is killing me. Help me, please."

Ashton-Kirk smiled reassuringly.

"As far as I can see," said he, "the case is a simple one. However, it may turn out the reverse. But in either event I can promise you a swift and energetic attempt to set the matter right."

"Thank you!" She stood up. "And you will begin today?"

"At once!"

"You are kind." She held out her hand; he took it. "Thank you, again."

Stumph appeared, in answer to the bell. She turned to go.

"There is nothing more that you can tell me?" he inquired.

"Nothing."

"I had supposed that. Your recital sounded pretty complete."

When the door closed upon her, he stood for a few moments in the middle of the floor, his head bent forward, his hands behind him. Then he turned and touched another of the system of bells.

Immediately a brisk, boyish looking young man presented himself.

"Fuller," spoke Ashton-Kirk. "I want instant and complete information upon one Hume, a local numismatist, and Allan Morris, consulting engineer."

"Very well, sir." And Fuller turned at once, and left the room.

CHAPTER III.

The Portraits of General Wayne.

When Ashton-Kirk returned that evening from the theatre, where he had gone to witness a much heralded new drama, he sat with a cigar, in his library; and stretching out his length in great comfort, he smoked and smiled and thought of what he had seen and heard.

"The drama as a medium of expression is necessarily limited," the young man was saying to himself, "and of course, in fitting human action to its narrow bounds, the dramatist is sometimes tempted to ignore certain human elements. In spots, the people of the play acted like puppets; upon seven different occasions, by actual count, the entire matter would have been cleared up if someone had sharply spoken his mind. But he did not, and the thing was allowed to become hopelessly involved because of it."

He knocked the ashes from his cigar; and a smile came to his lips.

"It would not have served the purpose of the dramatist, I suppose; his play would have ended abruptly, and far short of the prescribed time. He tried to tell a human story and chose an unhuman method."

There was another pause; the smile now disappeared and a thoughtful look came into his face.

"And yet," he mused, "is the playwright really so far wrong? Is his stage story very far removed from actuality after all? In Miss Edyth Vale, we have a girl of most unusual character, of splendid education, apparently. And yet in the building of her own drama she has outstripped the inventor of stage plays in the matter of hesitancy. Her natural inclination urged her to make a firm stand; but other feelings proved the stronger, and she held her tongue much after the fashion of the girl in the play."

He was puffing at a second cigar when there came a knock on the door, and Fuller entered.

"Well?" said Ashton-Kirk.

"I thought you'd perhaps like to look over this data before morning," said the young man, as he laid a number of typed sheets and a photograph at Ashton-Kirk's elbow. "As you required instant action I got Burgess on the Hume end of it before noon; after luncheon I took up Morris myself."

"Thank you," said the other.

"Morris," with a nod toward the photograph, "is rather uneventful, personally. And it was no very difficult matter to get the facts concerning him. But Burgess had a much more interesting time. Hume seems to have lots of color as a character. Not that there was a great deal shown—the time was too short. But the indications are promising."

When Fuller had gone, Ashton-Kirk took up the sheets and began to read them carefully. They were brief, pointed and evidently the work of men who were familiar enough with their business to eliminate all non-essentials. The first one ran:

"Allan Barnett Morris, Consulting Engineer. Specialty, Marine Construction. Lives at the Crompton Apartments. Born October 15, 1879. Graduate of Cornell; class of 1900. Special honors. Brilliant student. Was at once engaged by the New England Ship Building Company. Soon became their right-hand man. Resigned in 1905; took offices in the Blake building. Is much employed by the Government. Has the reputation of a growing man in his line and is admitted by competent persons to be an expert.

"He is unmarried and has no relatives. The last of these to die was his father—a trifle more than three years ago. The father had a reputation for great brilliancy and hard drinking. He was an inventor of some note. See the Morris Smoke Consumer—the Morris Propeller—the Morris Automatic Brake. But he never made much out of any of these. The appetive for liquor forced him to surrender, for very little, interests that made fortuntes for other men.

"Young Morris is clear of the drink habit, and is a hard and persistent worker. He is a member of the University and the Brookdale Field Clubs; goes into society, and is reported to be the accepted suitor of Miss Edyth Vale, daughter of the late James Vale, manufacturer of structural steel."

"A clean bill of health, as far as it goes," commented Ashton-Kirk. "However, surface inquiries tell very little, sometimes."

He turned to the remaining pages.

"David Purtell Hume, Numismatist, philatelist, dealer in objects of art and curiosities. Resides at his place of business, second floor of 478 Christie Place.

"Hume located in this city in 1899. Where he came from is not definitely known, but there is some slight cause for supposing that he is an American who had been living abroad. However, an examination of the steamship passenger lists for 1898-99 fail to show his name.

"Is well known in his line and is reputed to be wealthy. Is much disliked by his neighbors and others in the same trade. Even those who patronize him have an aversion to him; but as he is an authority, and his stock always contains rarities, they do not take their custom elsewhere.

"Hume has been under suspicion

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observation teaches that the average

WOMAN ASKS BALLOT FOR LAWS, NOT OFFICE

In States Where She Has Been Recognized, Beneficial, Humane Laws Were Passed at Once, Alleviating Vile Moral and Economic Conditions.

At Convention of 1912 Ohio Women Will Fight to Eliminate the Word "Male" From Constitution, to Remove Them From Parallel With Idiots and Lunatics.

ANNIE PRENTISS AUSTIN.

By Annie Prentiss Austin.

Recently the Federation of Women's clubs was requested to assist men in abolishing the smoke nuisance This reminded me that I read recently, somewhere, from an address before the English parliamen' to the woman's committee, the following words: "You will never get the support of the committee while you work for them. Send word up by Sir Joseph Walton to the liberal members that you will work for them no more until they have given you the vote."

Why should women waste time and strength now? The indirect way is almost always the longest and hardest for women. In Massachusetts it took 55 years for the suffragists, by indirect influence, to secure a law making mothers equal guardians of their own children with the fathers. In Colorado, as soon as women got the ballot, the very next legislature passed an equal guardian law.

Where Women Have Won.

Improved laws have been passed by the legislatures of three woman suffrage states during the sessions just closed.

In Washington women defeated the bill to legalize prize fighting.

Idaho passed the anti-trust law.

Utah passed a law to prevent traffic in women— a law prohibiting employment of a child under 14 years in any occupation dangerous to physical or moral welfare. The working hours of women are reduced; the law passed for medical examination of school children. The sale or gift of cigarets prohibited, also opium, cocaine, morphine or other narcotics. Wife deserters are obliged to pay regular support of their families.

Women need the ballot for legislation, not for office. This point needs to be impressed. When Ohio holds the constitutional convention next year (1912) they will only have to omit one word of four letters—viz: "male," to make Ohio the sixth state to recognize women as half the population—unless California should get ahead of us, as her convention is to be held sooner.

The old Ohio law of 1802, adopted at the Chillicothe convention, read (Article IV.), "In all elections, all white male inhabitants above the age of 21, having resided in the state for one year next preceding an election and who have paid ——— a state or county tax—shall enjoy the right of an elector." The civil war wiped out the word "white," yet, for all these years, able and intelligent women have labored continuously under all kinds of abuse, ridicule and sarcasm to efface that other word, which designates that only half the people have the privilege of a vote—viz:—the male half.

Pay Equal Taxes.

Why? Has it been conclusively demonstrated that this privilege was assumed, because of the superior natural ability, intellect or intelligence of said male half? Even if this were true, Article 4 also states: "All who have paid a state or county tax." Note the word "all;" it does not say half who paid the tax, but all; yet this other half—viz: millions of women—pay equal taxes with the privileged male half, designated though they are without representation. In a government under which they endure many slights, wrongs and injustices.

Any white man, black man, red man, old men, young men, rag men, bad men, ignorant men, depraved men, tramps paying no taxes—and dead men, vote or buy and sell their privilege—as in southern Ohio and elsewhere, while intelligent, educated women—with property and without—have no vote; hence no power to weigh against such questionable legislation as money buys, or the aforesaid variety of males choose to sell. Thus the law classifies women with convicts, lunatics and idiots.

If all women realized this, all women would sympathize with the poor English women who have endured so many wrongs and insults from parliament down to the police, details of which were published March 18 in the Woman's Journal of Boston, the official organ of the National American Woman Suffrage association.

It would seem that every woman who is not submerged by unreasoning conventionalities would consider what this means personally, even if not awakened to the discomforts of all working women; yet, most mothers blindly suppose their children belong to them—but no—children belong to the fathers, who frequently leave them to the mothers to support after the latter are broken down physically by misguided usage of brawn and muscle, and thereby are unfitted for the task; yet blind, helpless ignorance prevents their finding the way to change their condition.

Don't Realize Need.

Some men ask, "What is there that American women want that they do not possess?" This question clearly shows such men need enlightenment, nearly as badly as Englishmen. Others say, "When women want the ballot, they will get it." They mean when all women want it; but all women are not awakened to its helpfulness, personally. Those who are are too well educated and too fine principled to sell their ballot, as has been done by the privileged half of our population in southern Ohio and elsewhere.

The recent "straw vote" at Wellesley college on woman suffrage showed that the proposition of suffrage increased with the age of the girls and was highest in the upper classes—showing that as the college girls grew up and were better educated and more experienced, they became wiser.

There has been no question as to whether most women possess sufficien intelligence, general information or ability (and most assuredly none of them have less than many of the ignorant men, who have the "privilege" to sell). As a matter of fact, women all over the country at political meetings as well as right here in the Toledo Woman Suffrage association, the Educational club, and many others, present their subjects more intelligently, concisely and in a more inspiring manner than the average politician heard during the last state campaign in our city. Thousands of women say more in a 10 to 20-minute speech (every word counting) than the average politician in an hour or two speech.

When the management of the Delaware Girls' home wanted to place a capable woman superintendent in charge (in place of the man who occupied the position) the answer they received was, "We cannot give the place to a woman, as the appointment legally must be given to an elector;" so serious conditions continued there with a man in charge.

Need Education.

What many of us need is education on these subjects, and it is to be regretted that when Rev. Anna Howard Shaw gave her brilliant address on "Woman Suffrage, the Hope of Democracy," recently, before our Educational club, that she was not heard at the Coliseum, or some equally large audience room. Miss Shaw called attention to the fact that the dictionary defines a "republic as a form of government, in which the supreme power is vested in representatives elected by the people; but as in the majority of the states, only males vote, and the other half of the people—the women — do not, then the representatives are not elected by the people. So we are not a republic Further, "A democracy is a government by the people,' but if only males vote, and the other half of the people —the women—do not, then we are not a democracy;" consequently, with only half of the voice of the people being heard, naturally conditions grow worse and more chaotic, just as they would if only males managed a family housecleaning alone. Men see only half the causes of conditions, so, of course, only try to solve half the problems, and naturally the male half. Miss Shaw also said of a New Yorker, who, after congratulating her upon her fine address, made that quite stale remark, "But how would I feel with my wife voting among those toughs and hoodlums?" She answered quickly, "Why, don't you and your wife live together now?" "Certainly, Yes! What do you mean?" "Well, I thought you lived on Fifth avenue. If she lives with you, of course she votes in the same ward you do, and I cannot see how she votes with toughs and hoodlums, unless you do."

Israel Zangwill says, "Men and women go to the same church and pray together, attend the same balls and dance together to the same music. What is so different about using the same voting booth?" This reminds one that men and women pay taxes together at the same court house and the men look harmless enough there.

Should Eliminate Sex.

Concerning intelligent legislation, what does the lawbreaker, the degenerate, the criminal, the dissipated and ignorant of all colors and nations know about our taxation, reciprocity, conservation, annexation, etc.? Yet, if only half our inhabitants are to vote, this is the half to eliminate, not intelligent educated women.

Let the requirements for this privilege be at least a common school education. Sex should have no more to do with the consideration than to elevate present conditions; yet the great army of women teachers in America, and women in all kinds of successful business, may continue to pay equal taxes with men, without possessing any more voice as to legislation than criminals, lunatics and idots, or the most illieterate foreigner who lands on our shores, who brings his foreign customs with him, and yet, after only five years' residence and paying no property tax, can vote on any amendment to our constitution, to suit the highest bidder, if undiscovered; but the woman half of the population is awakening daily, and Hon. Brand Whitlock's words to the city council on the Rail-Light franchise answers our purpose exactly; if the word "women" is substituted for "we," as follows: "Women must present a united front against this privilege" for the male) there should be no differences. If we allow them to creep in, we have lost the battle before we have begun. To cope with this question, we will need all the brains and energy we possess, all massed together.

Minnesota has a bill before the legislature to allow men to sell their real estate, without their wives' signatures, and only suffragists and women's clubs are paying any attention to this wrong against women. When a woman marries and raises a family to maturity, she has as useful an occupation or profession as any professional or business man living, and thus usually is handicapped from engaging in other occupations as a bread winner to a degree beyond mere existence. Therefore, she has earned the right to be provided for when old.

Overworked Women Insane.

Some women have been, too long, a "mush of concessions," so to speak, simply because they were uninformed, and it was not to the interests personally of men to enlighten them. It has been more comfortable for the average man to rest with the methods of our forefathers, in some ways. As long as women "keep quiet and wear the harness, why awaken a sleeping lioness?" Progress teaches, however, that she is not obliged to "tread the mill" always silently, and must cease before all energies are exhausted. The women that drew water, sawed wood, milked cows, managed a dairy, laundry and bakery, made all their own clothes and cooked for large families and farm hands—(all in one day, as it were) — died. They were wiped out by the strain of trying to please the grandfathers. Statistics show that the majority of inmates of lunatic asylums come from just such farm homes, where women have had more than their half of the work, and many of them have only been indifferent on the suffrage question because ignorant of how it could help their conditions.

Ignorance, indifference and conservatism are more deadly to meet than direct opposition.

In England, where women have endured so much, in their homes, where they are told "they are to rule as queens" (which sounds well), they not only have had no control over any portion of the means of livelihood, or even the material comforts of their homes (unless they owned or earned it themselves), but they have no legal right in, or control over, their own children, unless they are born out of wedlock. Not even can widows choose their guardian, if the husband has previously appointed one, etc. A man can whip his wife, if his limited mentality decides she needs it, and there are many more wrongs and injustices that have brought them to the extreme measure of stoning parliament windows in overwrought excitement. Possibly, it was the only way to impress the British brain, make them "sit up and take notice," as it were. Wherever you find insurgents, there have been causes that aroused them. When smoke appears from a volcano, there is boiling inside. When the British sent several cargoes of tea in 1773 to Boston, Americans emptied 42 chests of it into Boston harbor, but there were causes.

When the "moneyed powers" of America connived with Diaz to confiscate thousands of small farms in Mexico, "unless owners could show their titles were among the public records,' when they knew there were no public records, and it turned many families out into the world, homeless, it very naturally made insurgants with good cause.

Is it not strange, then, that women of property and those with nothing, find a common meeting ground in the strong conviction that by uniting their forces they will get the representation, in government, that is the only way to right their respective injustices?

If the laws bear hardly on women of education and means, are they any more merciful to the poor and ignorant?

It is no matter if some women "do not want to vote." Neither do some men use their privilege, when their lives or personal interests are not immediately connected, or concerned with the government, or its problems.

"Women have nothing to do with laws but to obey them; nothing to do with taxes but to pay them."

A SPLENDID HAZARD

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXII——Continued

Again Breitmann said something lowly, M. Ferraud would have liked to see his face.

"But what are you going to do with the other woman?"

Two women: M. Ferraud saw the ripple widen and drew near. One woman he could not understand, but two simplified everything. The drivers and two women.

"The other?" said Breitmann. "She is of no importance."

M. Ferraud shook his head.

"Oh, well; this will be your private affair. Captain Grasset will arrive from Nice tomorrow night. Two nights later we all should be on board and under way. Do you know, we have been very clever. Not a suspicion anywhere of what we are about."

"Do you recolelct M. Ferraud?" inquired Breitmann.

"That little fool of a butterfly?" the duke asked.

M. Ferraud smiled and gazed laughingly up at the grill.

"He is no fool," abruptly. "He is a secret agent, and not one move have we made that is unknown to him."

"Impossible!"

M. Ferraud could not tell whether the consternation in Picard's voice was real or assumed. He chose to believe the latter.

"And why hasn't he shown his hand?"

"He is waiting for us to show ours. But dont' worry," went on Breitmann. "I have arranged to suppress him neatly."

And the possible victim murmured: "I wonder how?"

"Then we must not meet again until you return; and then only at the little house in the Rue St. Charles."

"Agreed. Now I must be off."

"Good luck!"

M. Ferraud heard the stir of a single chair and knew that the great-grandson was leaving. The wall might have been transparent, so sure was he of the smile upon Picard's face, a sinister speculating smile. But his imagination did not pursue Breitmann, whose lips also wore a smile, one of irony and bitterness. Neither did he hear Picard murmur "Dupe!" nor Breitmann mutter "Fools!"

When Breitmann saw Hildegrade in the hotel gardens he did not avoid her but stopped by her chair. She rose. She had been waiting all day for this moment. She must speak out or suffocate with anxiety.

"Karl, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing," smilingly.

"You will let the admiral find and keep this money which is yours?"

Breitmann shrugged.

"You are killing me with suspense!"

"Nonsense!" briskly.

"You are contemplating violence of some order. I know it, I feel it!"

"Not so loud!" impatiently.

"You are!" she repeated, crushing her hands together.

"Well, all there remains to do is to tell the admiral. He will, perhaps, divide with me."

"How can you be so cruel to me? It is your safety; that is all I wish to be assured of. Oh, I am pitifully weak! I should despise you. Take this chest of money; it is yours. Go to England, to America, be happy."

"Happy? Do you wish me to be happy?"

"God knows!"

"And you?" curiously.

"I have no time to ask you to consider me," with a clear pride. "I do not wish to see you hurt. You are courting death, Karl, death."

"Who cares?"

"I care!" with a sob.

The bitterness in his face died for a space. "Hildegarde, I'm not worth it. Forget me as some bad dream; for that is all I am or ever shall be. Marry Cathewe; I'm not blind. He will make you happy. I have made my bed, or rather certain statesmen have, and I must lie in it. If I had known what I know now,' with regret, "this would not have been. But I distrusted every one, myself, too."

She understood. "Karl, had you told me all in the first place, I should have given you that diagram without question, gladly."

"Well, I am sorry. I have been a beast. Have we not always been such, from the first of us, down to me? Forget me!"

And with that he left her standing by the side of her chair and walked swiftly toward the hotel. When next she realized or sensed anything she was lying on her bed, her eyes dry and wide open. And she did not go down to dinner, nor did she answer the various calls on her door.

Night rolled over the world, with a cool breeze driving under her million planets. The lights in the hotel flickered out one by one, and in the third corridor, where the adventurers were housed, only a wick, floating in a tumbler of oil, burned dimly.

Fitzgerald had waited in the shadow for nearly an hour, and he was growing restless and tired. All day long he had been obsessed with the conviction that if Breitmann ever made a start it would be some time that night. Distinctly he heard the rattle of a carriage. It stopped outside the gardens. He pressed closer against the wall. The door to Breitmann's room opened gently and the man himself stepped out cautiously.

"So," began Fitzgerald lightly, "your majesty goes forth tonight?"

But he overreached himself. Breitmann whirled, and all the hate in his breast went into his arm as he struck. Fitzgerald threw up his guard, but not soon enough. The blow hit him full on the side of the head and toppled him over; and as the back of his head bumped the floor, the world came to an end. When he remained his senses his head was pillowed on a woman's knees and the scared white face of a woman bent over his.

"What's happened??" he whispered. There were a thousand wicks where there had been one and these went round and round in a circle. Presently the effect wore away, and he recognized Laura. Then he remembered. "By George!"

"What is it?" she cried, the bands of terror about her heart loosening.

"As a hero I'm a picture," he answered. "Why, I had an idea that Breitmann was off tonight to dig up the treasure himself. Gone! And only one blow struck, and I in front of it!"

"Breitmann?" exclaimed Laura. She caught her dressing gown closer about her throat.

"Yes. The temptation was too great. How did you get here?" He ought to have struggled to his feet at once, but it was very comfortable to feel her breath upon his forehead.

"I heard a fall and then some one running. Are you badly hurt?"

The anguish in her voice was as music to his ears.

"Dizzy, that's all. Better tell your father immediately. No, no; I can get up alone. I'm all right. Fine rescuer of princesses, eh?' with an unsteady laugh.

"You might have been killed!"

"Scarcely that. I tried to talk like they do in stories, with this result. The maxim is, always strike first and question afterward. You warn your father quietly while I hunt up Ferraud and Cathewe."

Seeing that he was really uninjured she turned and flew down the dark corridor and knocked at her father's door.

Fitzgerald stumbled along toward M. Ferraud's room, murmuring: "All right, Mr. Breitmann; all right. But hang me if I don't hand you back that one with interest. Where the devil is that Frenchman?" as he hammered on Ferraud's door and obtained no response. He tried the knob. The door opened. The room was black, and he struck a match. M. Ferraud, fully dressed, lay upon his bed. There was a handkerchief over his mouth and his hands and feet were securely bound. His eyes were open.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Cathewe Asks Questions.

The hunter of butterflies rubbed his released wrists and ankles, tried his collar, coughed, and droped his legs to the floor.

"I am getting old," he cried in self-communion; "near-sighted and old. I've worn spectacles so long in jest that now I must wear them in earnest."

"How long have you been here?" asked Fitzgerald.

"I should say about two hours. It was very simple. He came to the door. I opened it. He came in. Zut! He is as powerful as a lion."

"Why didn't you call?"

"I was too busy, and suddenly it became too late. Gone?"

"Yes." And Fitzgerald swore as he rubbed the side of his head. Briefly he related what had befallen him.

"You have never hunted butterflies?"

"No," sharply. "Shall we start for him while his heels are hot?"

"It is very exciting. It is the one thing I really care for. There is often danger, but it is the kind that does not steal round your back. Hereafter I shall devote my time to butterflies. You can make believe—is that what you call it?—each butterfly is a great rascal. The more difficult the netting, the more cnnning the rascal . . . What did you say?"

"Look here, Ferraud,' crief Fitzgerald angrily; "do you want to catch him or not? He's gone, and that means he has got the odd trick."

"But not the rubber, my son. Listen. When you set a trap for a rat

Many Soldiers of Fortune

It does not become Americans, conscious of the services rendered their own country in its struggle for freedom by Lafayette, Steuben, De Kalb, Kosciusko and other volunteers from distant lands, to speak slightingly of men who go far from home to fight the battles of aliens. Sometimes their motives are of the highest, even when the world at large perceives no moral issue at stake.

To some minds the mere fact of revolt against established authority is poof enough of wrongs to be righted. They feel, rather than reason, that if there were no injustice and oppression where the rising takes place men would not risk their lives in an effort to overturn the government or wrest it from the control of those in power.

Often such volunteers in the wars of nations with which they have little in common at first become much attached to the people they fight with as well as the cause they fight for. This is not the only country which has many memorials of soldiers from distant lands who lent their swords and risked their lives in romantic struggles for freedom.

Chile has two warships which bear names significant of the readiness of Irishmen to bear arms under strange flags in countries far from Erin. One is the Almirante (Admiral) Lynch, the other the O'Higgins. In Havana one of the principal streets is named for Count Alexander O'Reilley, who, though never a volunteer in a rebel army, was one of the ablest and best liked of Spain's colonial governors and commanders.

History is filled with similar instances of military service, fruitful of important results, performed far from the native lands of men born to live by the sword. The soldier of fortune is consistent enough with everything but modern conditions. Now he seems to many a survival of times the world has left behind and out of harmony with the age.

But the race of such adventurers, some with the most exalted purposes, others actuated only by impatience with the routine of peace or fired by the love of fighting for its own sake, is far from extinct. It is still strong even where it is least favored by public sentiment.

In the little armies of the Mexican insurgents, ill-fed, with scanty equipment of any kind, poor in nurses, surgeons and supplies, and operating in a country uninviting to most men from cooler and more advanced parts of the world, there are volunteers of many nationalities. Americans are common, some of the old American stock, others sons of immigrants from various countries—Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain. There are Canadians, Italians; notably Captain Garibaldi; Frenchmen, Germans and at least one conspicuous Boer from South Africa.

This soldier by instinct and choice is Ben Viljoen, who made himself feared and hated by the British until the struggle in his own country was over and then came to America rather than live under the British flag in his native land. Doubtless he believes Madero's cause is the cause of freedom, but it is certain that he likes war better than the humdrum vocations of peace.

Any war, anywhere, if there is an opportunity for service in bodies of troops not too strictly disciplined or held in the grip of too rigid a military machine will draw such born fighting men from distant lands. The typical military adventurer wants and insists upon a certain physical freedom when he offers his services. He would not care to join a German or a Japanese army.

Latin-America has always had a strong fascination for American soldiers of fortune. It is vaguely known and rich in possibilities. Its fighting organizations are slack in discipline and easy going in camp life and on the march. The forces in action are usually small and individual prowess is more conspicuous than it would be in a vast army of highly trained troops.

From Walker's day in Nicaragua and farther back in the history of Spanish-America it has been easy to find Americans eager for an opportunity to try life in the tropics when there was fighting to do and glory to win. The dangers of the climate and unsanitary conditions, not to speak of the risks of battle, have never been given much consideration. It is so now in Mexico and so it will be far into the future.

or a lion, do you scare the animal into it, or do you lure him with a tempting bait? I have laid the trap; he and his friend will walk into it. I am not a police officer. I make no arrests. My business is to avert political calamities, without any one knowing that these calamities exist. That is the real business of a secret agent. Let him dig up his fortune. Who has a better right? Peste! The pope will not crown him in the gardens of the Tuileries. What!" with a ring in his voice Fitzgerald had never heard before; "am I one to be overcome without a struggle, without a call for help? The trap is set, and in forty-eight hours it will be sprung. Be calm, my son. Tonight we should not find a horse or carriage in the whole town of Ajaccio."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Go to Altone, to find a hole in the ground."

"But the admiral!"

"Let him gaze into the hole, and then tell him what you will. I owe him that much. Come on!"

"Where?"

"To the admiral, to tell him his secretary is a fine rogue and that he has stolen the march on us. A good chase will soften his final disappointment."

"You're a strange man."

"No; only what you English and Americans call a game sport. To start on even terms with a man, to give him the odds, if necessary. What! have beaters for my rabbits, shoot pigeons from traps? Fi donc!"

"Hang it!" growled the young man, undecided.

"My son, give me my way. Some be glad. I will tell you this: I am playing against desperate men, and the liberty, perhaps honor, of one you love is menaced."

"My God!"

"Sh!" Ask me nothing; leave it all to me. There! They are coming. Not a word."

The admiral's fury was boundless, and his utterances were touched here and there by strong sailor exxpressions. The scoundrel! The blackleg! And he had trusted him without reservatiox. He wanted to start at once. Laura finally succeeded in calming him, and the could reason of M. Ferraud convinced him of the folly of haste. There was a comic side to the picture, too, but they were all too serious to note it; the varied tints of the dressing gowns, the bath-slippers and bare feet, the uncovered throats, the tousled hair, the eyes still heavy with sleep. Every one of the party was in Ferraud's rooms and their voices hummed and murmured and their arms waved. Only one of them did Ferraud watch keenly, Hildegarde. How would she act now?

Fitzgerald's head still rang, and now his mind was being tortured. Laura in danger from this madman? No, over his body first, over his dead body. How often had he smiled at that phrase; but there was no melodrama in it now. Her liberty and perhaps her honor! His strong fingers worked convulsively; to put them round the blackguard's throat! And to do nothing himself, to wait upon this Frenchman's own good time was maddening.

"Your head is all right now?" as she turned to follow the others from the room.

"It was nothing." He forced a smile to his lips. "I'm as fiet as a fiddle now; only I'll never forgive myself ror letting him go. Will you tell me one thing? Did he ever offend you in any way?"

"A woman would not call it an offense," a glint of humor in her eyes. "Real offense, no."

"He proposed to you?"

The suppressed rage in his tones would have amused if it hadn't thrilled here strangely. "It would have been a proposal if I hadn't stopped it. Good night."

He could not see her eyes very well; there was only one candle burning. Impulsively he snatched at her hand and kissed it. With his life, if need be; ay, and gladly. And even as she disappeared into the corridor the thought intruded: Where was the past, the days of wandering, the active and passive adveutures, he had contemplated treasuring up for a club career in his old age? Why, they had vanished from his mind as thin ice vanishes in the spring sunshine. To love is to be born again.

And Laura? She possessed a secret that terrified her one moment and enraptured here the next. And she marveled that there was no shame in her heart. Never in her life had she done such a thing; she who had gone so calmly throuugh her young years, wondering what it was that had made men turn away from her with agony written on their faces! She would never be the same again, and the hand she held softly against her cheek would never be the same hand. Where was the tranquility of that morning?

Fitzgerald found himself alone with Ferraud again. There was going to be no dissembling; he was going to speak frankly.

"You have evidently discovered it. Yes, I love Miss Killigrew well enough to die for her."

"Zut! She will be as safe as in her own house. Had Breitmann not gone tonight, had any of us stopped him I could not say. Unless you tell her, she will never know that she stood in danger. Don't you understand? If I marred one move those men intend to make, if I showed a single card, they would defeat me for the time; for they would make new plans of which I should not have the least idea. You comprehend?"

Fitzgerald nodded.

"It all lies in the hollow of my hand. Breitmann made one mistake. He should have pushed me off the boat into the dark. He knows that I know. And there he confuses me. But, I repeat, he is not vicious, only mad."

"Where will is be?"

"It will not be," and M. Ferraud smiled as he livened up the burnt wick of his candle.

"Treachery on the part of the drivers? Oh, don't you see that you can trust me wholly?"

"Well, it will be like this;" and reluctantly the secret agent outlined his plan. "Now, go to bed and sleep, for you and I shall need some to draw upon during the next three or four days. Hunting for buried treasures was never a junketing. The admiral will tell you that. At dawn!" Then he added whimsically. "I trust we haven't disturbed the royal family below."

"Hang the royal family!"

"Their own parliament, or reichstag, will arrange for that!" and the little man laughed.

Dawn came soon enough, yellow and airless.

"My dear," said Mrs. Coldfield,, "I really wish you wouldn't go."

"But Laura and Miss von Mitter insist on going. I can't back out now," protested Coldfield. "What are you worried about? Brigands, unshots, and all that?"

"He will be a desperate man."

"To steal a chest full of money is one thing; to shoot a man is another. Besides, the admiral will go if he has to go alone; and I can't desert him."

"Very well. You will have to take me to Baden for nervous prostration."

"Humph! Baden; that'll mean about two thousand in fresh gowns from Vienna or Paris. All right; I'm game. But, no nerves, no Baden."

"Go, if you will, but do take care of yourself; and let the admiral go first, when there's any sign of danger."

Coldfield chuckled. "I'll get behind him every time I thmink of it."

"Kiss me. They are waiting for you. And be careful.

It was only a brave little comedy. She knew this husband and partner of hers, hard-headed at times, but full of loyalty and courage; and she was confident that if danger arose the chances were he would be getting in front instead of behind the admiral. A pang touched her heart as she saw him spring into the carriage.

The admiral had argued himself hoarse about Laura's going; but he had to give in when she threatened to hire a carriage on her own account and follow. Thus Coldfield went because he was loyal to his friends; Laura because she would not leave her father; Hildegrade because to remain without knowing what was happening would have driven her mad; M. Ferraud because it was a trick in the game, and Cathewe and Fitzgerald because they loved hazard, because they were going with the women they loved. The admiral alone went for the motive apparent to all—to lay hands on the scoundrel who had betrayed his confidence.

So the journey into the mountains began. In none of the admiral's documents was it explained why the old Frenchman had hidden the treasure so far inland, when at any moment a call might have been made on it. Ferraud put forward the supposition that they had been watched. As for hiding it in Corsica at all, everyone understood that it was a matter of sentiment.

Fitzgerald keenly inspected the drivers, but found them of the ordinary breed, in velveteens, red shashes and soft felt hats. As they made the noon stop one thing struck him as peculiar. The driver of the provision carriage had little or nothing to do with his companions. "That is because he is mine," explained M. Ferraud in a whisper. They were all capable horsemen, and on this journey spared their horses only when absolutely necessary. The great American signori were in a hurry. They arrived at Carghese at 5 in the afternoon. The admiral was for pushing on, driving all night. He stormed, but the drivers were obdurate. At Carghese they would remain till sunrise; that was final. Besides, it was not safe at night, without moonshine, for many a mile of the road lipping tremendous precipices was without curb or parapet. Not a foot till dawn.

In the little auberge, dignified but not improved by the name of Hotel de France, there was room only for the two women and the older men. Fitzgerald and Cathewe had to bunk the best they could in a tenement at the upper end of the town; two cots in a single room, carpetless and ovenlike for the heat.

Cathewe opened his rug-bag and spread out a rug in front of his cot, for he wasn't fond at any time of dirty, bare boards under his feet. He began to undress, silently, puffing his pipe as one unconscious of the deed. Cathewe looked old. Fitzgerald hadn't noticed the change before, but it certainly was a fact that his face was thinner than when they put out to sea. Cathewe, his pipe still between his teeth, absently drew his shirt over his head. The pipe fell to the rug and he stamped out the coals, grumbling.

"You'll set yourself afire one of these fine days," laughed Fitzgerald from his side of the room.

"It's safe enough, Jack; you can't set fire to ashes, and that's about all I amount to." Cathewe got into his pajamas and sat upon the bed. "Jack, I thought I knew something about this fellow Breitmann; but it seems I've something to learn."

The younger man said nothing.

"Was that yarn of Ferraud's fact or tommyrot?"

"Fact."

"The great-grandson of Napoleon! Here! Nothing will ever surprise me gain. But why didn't he lay the matter before Killigrew, like a man?"

Fitzgerald patted and patted the wool-filled pillow, but without success. It remained as hard and as uninviting as ever. "I've thought it over, Arthur. I'd have done the same as Breitmann," as if reluctant to give his due to the missing man.

"But why didn't this butterfly man tell the admiral all?"

"He had excellent reasons. He's a secret agent, and has the idea that Breitmann wants to go into France and make an emperor of himself."

"Do men dream of such things today, let alone try to enact them?" incredulously.

"Breitmann's an example."

"Are you taking his part?"

"No, damn him! May I ask you a pertinent question?"

"Yes."

"Did he know Miss von Mitter very well in Munich?"

"He did."

"Was he quite square?"

"I am beginning to believe that he was something between a cad and a scoundrel."

"Did you know that among her forebears on her mother's side was the Abbe Fanu, who left among other things the diagram of the chimney?"

"So that was it?" Cathewe's jaws hardened.

Fitzgerald understood, Poor old Cathewe!

"Most women are fools!" said Cathewe, as if reading his friend's thought. "Pick out all the brutes in history; they were always better loved than decent men. Why? God knows! Well, good night;" and Cathewe blew out his candle.

So did Fitzgerald; but it was long before he fell asleep. He was straining his ears for the sound of a carriage coming down from Evisa. But none came.

To Be Continued.

BLADE PATTERNS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, O.

5089—Children's Dress—This little frock gives us a novelty in a seamless shoulder, the yoke extending down the outer side of the sleeve. The lower portion of the dress is arranged in three box pleats in both front and back and there is no break at the waistline. Pique, linen, pongee, gingham, challis and serge are all materials appropriate for this dress. The pattern 5089, is cut in size 3, 5 and 7 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5384—Ladies' Dress—The graceful peasant shoulder is here used in combination with an elbow sleeve. There is a round yoke and standing collar and a panel which continues down the skirt and extends at the lower edge in a deep flounce cut to follow the shape of the upper skirt. Linen, pongee, surah silk cheviot, etc., are appropriate materials joined with lace or embroidery. The pattern 5384 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅝ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4887—Boys' Suit—This novel little suit is a pleasant change from the Russian garment in its usual form. The front forms a plain panel with a box pleat at each side and the back is arranged in a similar manner. The edges of a large sailor collar are turned under the front side of each box pleat These suits are made of serge, cheviot, linen and the like. The pattern 4887, is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 27-inch materials. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5486—Girls' Tunic Dress—This pretty frock gives somewhat the effect of the Middy suit. It has the seamless shoulder, and the tunic is merely a peplum attached at the belt with the pleated skirt. Linen, pique, gingham, pongee silk, challis, cashmere, etc., are appropriate for this style. Bands of contrasting color will make suitable trimming and will be effective. The pattern 5496, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5331—Ladies' Five Gore Skirt—The upper part of this skirt is fitted at the hips by small darts and at one side a reversed box pleat is inserted. The deep tuck at the knee depth is an ornamental feature. The skirt may be of serge, cheviot, linen, pique, etc. The trimming may be of braid or a silk of contsting color. The pattern 5331 is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 4⅛ yards of 44-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5082—A Simple Linen Waist—The lines upon which this waist is made are very simple. Two tucks are placed at each shoulder in front and these are stitched down only a few inches. The balance of the front is absolutely plain. This waist will be smart in linen, gingham, pongee, brilliantine and the like. The pattern 5082, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4430—A One-Piece Night Gown.—This one-piece night gown is of the simplest construction. It cannot be cut without piecing the material from any goods narrower than 40 inches and in the larger sizes 45 inches. Tucks run across the shoulders from front to back and the rest of the night gown is plain. The pattern 4430 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch or 4¼ yards of 36-inch with 4 yards of ribbon as shown. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

3696—Ladies' Combination Suit—This garment consists of corset cover and drawers which may be made either as two separate garments or as one. In addition to this the central seam of the drawers may be stitched to form a short, petticoat so that in one pattern there are the possibilities of three different styles. The pattern 3696 is cut in sizes 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards, 36 inches wide with 5 yards of edging 6½ inches wide for the ruffles, 3¾ yards of narrow edging, 6½ yards of insertion, 3¼ yards of beading and 4 yards of ribbon. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5431—Simple Summer Dress—This dress has a waist with a large sailor collar, opening over a dainty chemisette. The sleeves end a little below the elbow. The seven gore skirt has a flat box pleat in the back and opens in the front. This dress can be made of pongee, linen, taffeta and many novelty fabrics. The pattern 5431 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅜ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5239—Ladies' Waist—This model gives us one of the dressiest waists of the season. Sleeve and body in one and there is the usual yoke. This is quite deep and below it is a full vest. The waist may be made of messaline, satin, taffeta, gingham, lawn, challis, etc. The pattern 5239, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material and 2⅛ yards of lace for the waist and 1⅝ yards of 18-inch allover and 1¼ yards of 36-inch lawn for the undersilp. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5489—A Six Gore Skirt—This illustration offers us an ornamental six gore skirt which is suitable for tailor-wool effects or which can be developed in a silk like pongee or foulard and in voile, panama, plain serge, linen and the like. Front and back form flat box pleats and a double box pleat is inserted at the lower half of each side seam. The pattern 5489, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5478—Misses' Dress—In this charming model we have one of the new Empire effects, the waist being slightly raised and attached to the bodice. A wide collar across the back ends in shawl revers in front. The closing of the four gore skirt is at the side of the front panel. This style is suitable for pongee silk, linen, cashmere, serge and the like. The pattern, 5478, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

ON SHRINKAGE OF CORN IN STORAGE

Washington, June 9.—To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance, and often a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse, and further loss at date of final sale.

In order to determine the amount of shrinkage or loss of weight occuring in shelled corn containing varions percentages of moisture while in storage in elevators or during transit in cars, the Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. and the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce, has conducted an experiment with 500 bushels of shelled corn, the test beginning January 5, 1910, and lasting 147 days.

The corn was taken from the regular car receipts and was left in the wooden hopper of a 30,000 pound scale at elevator B of the Baltimore and Ohio system at Locust Point, Baltimore. At the time of storage the moisture content was 18.8 per cent and at close of the test 14.7 per cent, or a loss of 4.1 per cent. The weight per bushel had decreased from 54.7 pounds to 50 pounds, and the total loss of weight was 1,970 pounds, or slightly more than 7 per cent.

The shrinkage was found not to be constant, as at certain periods there was a retardation in the rate of shrinkage or even a temporary increase in weight, due to the absorbtion of moisture from the atmosphere. The average temperature of the corn and the temperature of the air was 20 degrees F. The shrinkage during the first 105 days, while the corn remained in good condition was approximately four-tenths of one per cent; while from April 21 to May 14, during which time the corn went out of condition, becoming sour and hot, with a maximum temperature on May 2 of 138 degrees F, the shrinkage was 2.6 per cent. The shrinkage from May 14, after the corn had been cooled to 55 degrees F, by three elevations to June 1, the end of the experiment, was 2.6 per cent.

While the corn was in good condition the rate of shrinkage was largely influenced by the weather conditions and by the relative humidity and temperature of the atmosphere, as shown by the data published in a phamplet (Cir. No. 81, Bureau of Plant Industry) just issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Difficult to Draw.

Mack's National Monthly.

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. All went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil.

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?' asked the teacher.

"Yes, I know,' replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

Who knows something about the distillation of peppermint? Is it profitable? How large a tract of land ought one to have? Is the demand large enought to justify the culture?—Mrs. A., West Derby, Vt.

Will someone tell us what is wrong with our hens? They become lame, refuse to eat and in a short time die. What shall we give them? We feed corn, oats, barley and wheat.—Miss M., Leslie, Mich.

I would like to know what can be done to get rid of little white flies, or gnats, that infest the leaves of my plants.—Mrs. I., Melding, Mich.

I want somebody to help me save my baby ducks. For a week they are bright and grow, and then they become suddenly blind and die. I feed them bread or crackers and milk, wheat, dry bread crumbs, and do not let them have water to swim in.—Mrs. M., Leland, Ore.

Before I began putting my milk in a refrigerator it would become clabber within three or four hours, so there was no cream. My cow is well and eats heartily. Can someone tell me what to do?—Mrs. M., Chipley, Fla.

I would be pleased to have somebody give me a plan for an icehouse on the ground or part in and part out of the ground?—G., Glade Springs, Va.

Will someone please tell me how to raise Brussels sprouts, also how to prepare for market?—Mrs. E., Oakley, Michigan.

I have a cow that has enlargement of the udder. Twice a week it becomes swollen and seems to pain her when milked. The milk is lumpy, of a watery nature, and is sometimes slimy. This is my second cow that has been afflicted in this way. Will some reader tell what is wrong and give a remedy? —W., Willow, W. Va.

Will some reader please advise a young farmer as to the best method of feeding pigs? I wish to grow them rapidly and turn them off fattened at 6 or 7 months of age. Please advise also regarding the breeding of sows.—M., DeGraff, O.

DEATH TO DANDELIONS

Professor B. O. Longyear, of the Colorado Agricultural college, has found by experiment that a solution of common coperas applied to the lawn with spray pump will kill dandelions and not injure the grass. He says:

"The most effective and practicable method of clearing a dandelion-infected lawn, other than by hand digging, is by use of iron sulphate applied as a spray. The writer has succeeded with three applications in entirely killing all plants of this common lawn pest without injuring the grass. A portion of a lawn so badly infected that hardly anything but dandelions was visible a year ago is now without a single plant and the grass has thickened a good deal in consequence.

"A solution of copperas or iron sulphate made by dissolving at the rate of one and one-quarter pounds of the salt in a gallon of water should be applied to the lawn with a spray pump so as to wet every plant. It will not do to use a common sprinkler. The solution must be put on in the form of a fine spray applied with some force to be most effective. A common bucket spray pump or even a hand atomizer for very small areas is suitable provided it makes a fine forcible spray. Do not try to hit the dandelions only, but cover every inch of the lawn. In this way all seeding plants will be killed. Put on a second application in two or three weeks and a third and possibly a fourth late in the summer if any dandelions start into growth. The grass will be blackened for a short time, but soon recovers and after a watering and mowing will appear a darker green than before. Do not allow the solution to get on cement or stone walks as it produces a rather permanent yellow stain."

JUNE IN THE GARDEN

Stop cutting the asparagus about the middle of the month, to allow it to make growth and store up energy for next year's crop.

Sow beans for succession, putting in round-podded, stringless varieties, which are the best.

Make the plantings for late crops of cabbage and cauliflower.

Set late varieties of celery during the latter part of the month. This crop can take the ground occupied by early peas or beans.

Early in the month plant seeds of cucumbers, melons, squashes and pumpkins. Protect them from the striped beetle by covering with Bordeaux mixture containing arsenate of lead, and also by putting cheesecloth covered frames over the hills.

Set tomato, pepper and eggplants in the open at once. Protect them from cutworms by wrapping brown paper about the stems berore planting.

In the more northern states, plant turnips for the fall crop.

Keep the garden thoroughly cultivated, to maintain a dust mulch to conserve the soil moisture.

Spray celery, beans, the cucurbits and potatoes with Bordeaux mixture containing arsenate of lead, to prevent damage from insect pests and disease.

CEMENT CRIBS AND FLOORS

Several years ago corn was so cheap that in some sections it was burned for fuel instead of coal. This time is past, never to return, it is hoped. No consideration was then given to the bushels wasted in muddy feed lots. If the mud became too deep, the feeding was transferred to the blue grass pasture. To be sure, as the sod wore out the feeding had to be changed.

Many farmers had tried wooden feeding floors, and had found them a paying proposition, as far as the saving of feed was concerned, in the general health of the animal and in the shortened time of fattening. But the two great drawbacks were the rats that infested them and the constsant need of repairs.

In concrete the thoughtful farmer saw the possibility of an ideal floor—and easily kept clean, rat proof, disease proof surface upon which the hogs, cattle and poultry might consume the feed even to the smallest particle. The manure saved by this floor often paid for it in twelve months.

To find out just how profitable feeding was, to make it possible for all huskers to throw corn in the large crib, to be able to pay for corn husked, not shucks, and to check the weight of all things bought and sold, the live farmer installed a good farm scale. He set it, once and for all, in concrete, and it is always in perfect balance. He knows exactly what things cost and what branches of farming pay best.

So satisfactory did the feeding floor prove that the same treatment suggested itself as a remedy for the fly-breeding, muddy holes in the earthen floors and the rat infested wooden floors of the barns. But the careful horseman held up a bit; he was afraid that stamping at the flies, his valuable Percherons, Shires and Morgans might stiffen up their legs. He experimented by placing concrete floors in his open sheds, which were usually too muddy for the stock to lie down in in stormy weather, just when the straw stacks afforded no protection and when he needed the sheds most.—Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

POULTRY REMEDIES

Dr. F. M. Wilson gives the following poultry remedies in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

Scaly Legs—The legs should be soaked in soap water till the scales are so soft that they can be removed with but little difficulty. Then dry thoroughly and treat with the following mixture: Balsam of Peru, two drams; vaseline, one ounce. Mix well and apply as frequently as is necessary to keep the affected parts covered with the mixture. The infection yields readily to treatment if the scales are properly removed at the start. Treatments which do not remove the scales are of little avail.—J. J. Vernon.

Catarrh—This disease is very common at this time of the year, especiall, when the weather has been very changeable. It is caused by a prolonged period of wet weather and exposure to sudden changes. It may be told by a watery discharge from the nose, which later becomes thick and sticky. Treatment consists of placing the birds in warm quarters. Drop three drops of kerosene in the nostrils once each day for three days. Allow the bird to rest two days and then repeat. Boil a few onions in milk and mix this with enough corn meal and bran to take up the moisture and feed the bird all it will eat of the mixture once each day. In extreme cases make the bird inhale, once each day, the fumes of camphor gum placed on a hot stove or iron.—Dr. Wallace.

Pip—This is a disease of the tongue caused by the bird breathing through the mouth instead of the nostrils. When the latter passages are stopped up with discharges caused by colds, catarrh and like diseases, it is compelled to breathe through the mouth. The air passing over the tongue causes it to crack and "pip" is the result. To successfully treat this trouble the ailment stopping up the nose must first be treated. After this is done bathe the affected part of the tongue with glycerine once each day for a week.—C. M. Speck.

Indigestion—This trouble is usually caused by feeding too much grain and not enough green feeds, or not allowing the birds to have enough exercise. Separate the sick fowls from the well. Give bulky feeds, such as bran mash, wet just enough to make the particles adhere together. Do not feed too much of any kind of feed; it is much better to underfeed than to overfeed. Give the birds all the grit they desire in addition to a liberal amount of green cut grass or cut alfalfa or clover hay. The hay should be soaked for an hour in warm water and enough bran should be added to take up all the moisture. Charcoal should be freely given and the house should be well ventilated and perfectly clean. Medicines are of little value.

HOG CHOLERA

W., Niles Lake, Ind.: To cure hog cholera shut the afflicted animals in a dry lot for four or five days or even a week, and don't let them have any water. My hogs had the cholera and some of them were very sick. I tried this method of treating them and did not lose one.—T., Rockbridge, Ill.

FEEDING CALVES

A breeder of Jersey cattle gives the following as the way he feeds heifers which are to be kept for cows:

When the calves reach the age of four weeks only half fresh milk is given, and at two months it has been entirely replaced by skim milk. At that age each calf is allowed about five quarts of milk twice a day. The quantity is not increased to any extent after this.

But something is always added to replace the butter fat that is taken from the milk. There is nothing that we have ever tried that gave as good results as oil meal and bran.

For a calf four weeks old we take one heaping tablespoon of oil meal and one pint of bran. For one that is two months old or more use two heaping tablespoons of the oil meal and a little more than a pint of bran. Pour boiling water over the bran and oil meal, stir well and let stand for ten or fifteen minutes.

The mixture should be about as thick as cake batter. A little salt is added each time. The scalded meal will not cause scours in calves. If they take the disease from any cause it should be stopped as soon as possible. Nothing is better to stop scours than strong coffee. Add half a cupful of coffee (liquid) to the usual ration until a cure is effected.

Pasture should always be provided for calves during summer and fall. In winter they should have some roughage, such as clover or alfalfa. Corn fodder should not be fed. See that the calves have good water to drink.

COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, New York.

"Its lightest punishment being to make me 'logy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood.

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life,, I concluded to quit the coffee and try Postum.

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well.

"All my ailments, the 'loginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health which I owe to the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MAPLEINE FLAVORING

Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

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PEACH TREE AND ITS INSECT FOES

The peach crop is an important one. The San Jose scale pest gave peach growing the first serious knockout, cleaning otu orchard after orchard.

With the ever-increasing experience in the use of insecticides and fungicides, control of the San Jose scale became a matter of routine, with results that could be absolutely counted on wherever the work was done in the proper manner. The result has been that peach growing is increasing and flourishing on a firmer basis than ever.

Enemies of the Peach

Besides the scale, however, there are other enemies, viz., the peach borer, which is especially injurious in the southern section of the State, due to a lighter soil; the plum curculio, which affects the value of the fruit; the Scrapih scale (at present almost solely confined to Cumberland county, in injurious form); the black peach louse, which does injury only in the lighter soils, and principally during the early life of the tree; the green peach louse, which only becomes seasonally and locally troublesome on younger trees; the fruit bark beetle, which is not confined to the peach, but will attack almost any weakened fruit tree—on a healthy, vigorous tree it produces no effect whatever; the twig borer of peach, which in some seasons and localities does noticeable injury and may stunt young trees to some extent; the the rosebug, which in times of plenty sometimes eats into the fruit in June and destroys it for market purposes.

Injurious Insects

The New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, New Brunswick, N. J. in bulletin No. 235, taken up teh subject of insects injurious to the peach trees, and gives remedies. Considerable space is given to the borer, in which we learn that there is no insecticide application thus far known that can be relied upon to kill borers once in the trees. Not only do they ordinarily feed beneath the bark, except just after they are hatched, but they are further protected by the mass of exuding gum which forms over the wound. Sometimes a borer does not really go beneath the bark at all, but forms a surface cavity, in which it lies, covering or natural protection so as to kill the larva, without danger of injuring the tree. Hot water comes nearest to doing this, and where a few trees only are to be protected, occasional applications of water at a temperature of 175 degrees will serve to keep the trees free, if the protecting exudations of gum are first removed.

Warfare Against the Borer.

An existing or already infested orchard should be carefully examined at least twice in ear year; as late as convenient in fall, and again in the following end of May or early June. In the fall examination the earth should be removed from around the base of the tree to a depth of at least six, and preferably eight, inches, and every sign of a wound or place from which gum exudes should be investigated. There is needed a small, stiff, coarse brush to remove the gum and crush all surface feeding larvae; a stout, sharp knife to cut through the bark into cavities, and a more slender longer blade to probe channels and burrows. Never cut more than necessary and never cut across the grain if it can be avoided. If a larvae can be located, a straight slit through the bark into the cavity so as to hit the borer is all that is needed, and such a wound will heal almost at once. Where chips are mingled with exuding gum, a borer is always present; but even where no chips are seen, a small larvae may be at work. The examination made at this time should reveal and result in the destruction of all the larvae beyond the third stage, and will leave only those that are less than half grown and so would not be ready to transform until the following July at least. Leave the base of the trunks exposed no longer than necessary at this period, and in drawing up the soil against the trunk mound slightly to serve as winter protection and to bring the clean soil into direct contact with the cut or wounded surfaces. Nothing will be gained by making any applications of any kind to the trunk at this period.

Between the end of May and the middle of June the process above described should be repeated. By that time the borers that wintered in the second or third stage will have reached the fourth stage at least, and will show signs of their presence, even if pretty well down. Their feeding will not have been sufficient to have caused serious harm, and careful work at this time should result in the elimination of at least 95 per cent of all the borers present in the orchard. Leave the base of the trees exposed for a few days now, to touchen the outer bark, and then, before again drawing up the soil, spray very thoroughly with a lime-sulphur, arsenate of lead mixture, to which an excess of lime has been added. Use one pound paste arsenate of lead to every five gallons of lime-sulphur, or one pound of dry arsenate to every 10 gallons of lime-sulphur and apply with all the force possible to the exposed crown and for a distance of 18 to 24 inches above the surface. Then cover and hill up at least six inches around the trunk after the application is thoroughly dry. The strength of the lime-sulphur wash may be that of the ordinary winter spray with double the required amount of lime.

BIOLOGY OF THE TEXAS FEVER TICK

Washington, June 9.—In order that eradication of the cattle tick from the States below the quarantine line may be the more intelligently and successfully carried out it is necessary that it should be based upon the most accurate knowledge possible of the life history, habits etc., of the tick.

With the view of supplying possibly useful additional data relative of the biology of the tick, the Zoological Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry and the Veternary department of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute have conducted a series of investigations upon the life history of the tick, its habits, and the manner it is affected by climatic and other environmental conditions; and this data has just ben published by the Department as Bureau of Animal Industry Bulletin No. 130.

The work carried on during the past six years by the Bureau of Animal Industry in co-operation with the state authorities has shown that the eradication of the cattle tick from the infected states is entirely feasible, that its disastrous effect upon the cattle industry of the South can be prevented.

The usual host of this tick is the cow or ox, frequently, however, horses, mules, deer, and sometimes sheep serve as hosts, and must be considered in plans of eradication. Hence experiments were made with ticks on some of the animals and also upon rabbits, cats, dogs, and man. But none of these, with the possible exception of deer are susceptible to tick fever, consequently they suffer from the tick as a simple parasite and not as a transmitter of the disease.

Only a part of the development of the tick takes place on the host, the rest of the development occurs on the pasture occupied by the host. Therefore, studies were conducted both on the pasture, and the animals in the affected locality, and under conditions as nearly as possible like those in the open fields, in laboratory investigations, tests, and experiments. These are described in detail, the results given, and conclusions stated.

As all information which would assist in removing the greatest barrier to live-stockraising in the South should prove of value to the future development and prosperity of the country now below the quarantine line, so also, is it of interest to the dealers and consumers of Beef and beef-products in all parts of the country.

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IT CURES Rheumatism

Kansas City Chemist Who Discovered a Simple Prescription That Cures Rheumatism Makes a Liberal Offer.

H. Lee, a chemist, located at —— 15th St., Kansas City, Mo., discovered simple preparation that cures any form Rheumatism. Mr. Lee said: "A friend Rheumatism, who had a very bad case of Rheumatism tried this preparation and was completely cured. Hundreds of people have used it and were completely cured. I am receiving many letters from people over the country who want to know about it. I will gladly give anyone information who writes me."

Anyone troubled with Rheumatism should write Mr. H. Lee, 839 East 15th St., as this information is sent free.

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PERSONAL.

Harry Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn

WANTED Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less SOLDIERS' than 160 acres before HOMESTEADS June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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The Wily Wolf.

In the school of woodcraft and knowledge of how to keep out of danger wolves have no four footed rivals. The fox is a dunce in comparison; the coyote, or prairie wolf, a fool, and the rest nowhere.

The giant moose, king of the Canadian woods, is the most difficult of all the deer species to stalk in the fall months, but nevertheless it is often stalked successfully and shot by amateurs. Not so the wolf.

Knowing this, and that true sport must combine a maximum of exertion and even danger to a minimum of destruction (though nothing would be said about the destruction of too many wolves), also that there was more honor to be gained in outwitting and shooting one wolf than a dozen easily stalked and innocent deer, the writer organized a wolf unt for the winter of 1908-09, built three log cabins some miles apart and invited sportsmen to participate.

During the three midwinter months they came into camp in twos and threes for a week or ten days' hunt. In all of them the sport was new, faithful and exciting, not to say dangerous, considering the quarry sought and the risk of breaking through thin ice on lakes and rivers in its pursuit.

Have You Asthma in Any Form?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in every form in the wonderful Dr. Shiloh's Himalya treatment. Its cures are really marvelous. Himalya can be purchased from all druggists—if not in stock, it can be had through any jobber or wholesaler. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, The Himalya Co., 326 Howard Street, Detroit, Mich., will send a trial bottle free by mail to every reader of Toledo Blade who suffers from any form of Asthma. Send your name and address on a postal card. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

ASHTON KIRK Investigator

Continued from First Page.

upon several occasions. But the police could gather no positive evidence against him, at any time. The robbery of the Hailesbury gallery at London, when the famous Whistler portrait of the Duchess of Winterton was cut from its frame, was traced almost to his door. But the scent died out before they could clinch the matter, and he escaped. It was believed that the thing was planned by him and executed by a confederate. Several other occurrences of like nature, but of less importance, have been laid against him, But, if he was concerned in them, he was always cunning enough to hide his tracks.

"He is an habitual drinker, of violent temper, and is reputed to have a positive genius for discovering raw spots in an acquaintance and goading him for the sheer joy of seeing him writhe. It is this trait that causes the general dislike for him in the Christie Place section.

"He is a free liver, spends much money and has a passion for music."

Ashton-Kirk laid down the sheets and threw away his cigar.

"As Fuller remarked,, Mr. Hume seems to be a colorful character. And apparently one that would be likely to lead Mr. Allan Morris a very lively dance if he had a hold of any sort upon him."

He arose to his feet, a pleased light in his eye, and began walking up and down the floor.

"It is more than likely that it will prove some trifle that Morris' fears have lifted to the plane of a tragedy. But, somehow, the parts of the case seem to fall in a promising manner. I get a sort of pleasure in anticipating a possible grapple with Mr. David Purtell Hume."

For a full hour, Ashton-Kirk moved up and down the library, his eyes half closed, varying expressions appearing and disappearing upon his face. At length there came a smile of satisfaction and he paused in his pacing.

"That is probably it," said he. "At any rate it is a very favorable coincidence. However, I must have more information than the hurried reports of Burgess and Fuller to be certain. Yes, this promises to be interesting."

With that he went to his room and to bed.

The dull gray of a damp spring morning was peering in at his window when he awoke. By the light he knew that it was hours before his usual time. Something had aroused him; but he could not say what. He sat up in bed, and as he did so there came the long continued and smothered ringing of a bell.

"The telephone," said he.

"R-r-r-r-ring-g!" is persisted. And then again: "R-r-r-r-ring-ing-ing! R-r-r-ring!

Ashton-Kirk heard a door open and close softly on the floor above; then slippered feet came pattering down the stairs. The wild rattle of the bell suddenly stopped; a muffled voice could be heard protesting dismally against the din. But suddenly the vague complaint gave way to a higher note.

"Alarm," said Ashton-Kirk. "Something has happened!"

He reached up and turned on the electric bulb that hung above his head; then drew his feet up under him after the fashion of a Turk and waited, calmly.

The padded steps swiftly approached his door; a sharp knock upon the panels.

"Well?" demanded the young man.

"There is an urgent call, sir," came the voice of Stumph—"on the telephone. It's the lady who called yesterday—Miss Vale."

Ashton-Kirk slipped from the bed; a step brought him to the door, which he threw open.

"Very well, Stumph," he said quietly. "You may go back to bed."

The grave-faced German went stolidly down the hall; the young man pulled on a pair of felt slippers; in the library he put the detached receiver to his ear and spoke evenly:

"Well, Miss Vale?"

There was a small, gasping exclamation from the wire, a sort of breath-catching flutter of sound such as a person might utter who had been running hard. Then Edyth Vale, her voice shaking and filled with fear, said:

"Oh! Is that you! I'm glad—glad!"

"Get a firm grip on yourself," advised Ashton-Kirk. If anything has happened we can no doubt remedy it."

There came a series of moaning sobs across the wire; the girl had evidently broken down and was crying. Ashton-Kirk said nothing; he waited patiently. Finally she spoke once more.

"What has happened can never be remedied." Then her voice sank so low that he could scarcely catch the breathless words. "There has been murder done."

The investigator felt the blood prickle beneath his skin. However, his voice was steady as he replied; his calmly working mind shook off the fear which she so strongly suggested."

"Who has been murdered?" he asked.

"The man whom I told you about yesterday—the numismatist, Hume."

"Ah!" Ashton-Kirk drew in a long breath and his eyes began to glow. There was an instant's pause, then he said: "The hour is rather unconventional; but if you will receive me, I'll have you tell me about this matter privately and at once."

"By all means," she answered, eagerly. "I was about to beg of you to come."

"In a half hour," said he, briefly. "Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and touched one of the buttons. When Stumph came, he said:

"Turn the cold water into my bath. Then order the car in haste."

"Yes, sir."

"Afterwards you can lay out a rough suit, heavy shoes and a soft hat."

"Instantly, sir."

Within twenty minutes Ashton-Kirk ran down the steps and sprang into the powerful looking car that awaited him; and well within the half hour he rang the bell at the marble palace built by the steel magnate during the last years of his life. A heavy-eyed man servant admitted him with astonished resentment. Miss Vale, looking very tall and very pale, met him in the hall. But for all her pallor she seemed quite collected, even smiling.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to have brought you out so early and on such a dismal morning," she said, lightly, leading him into a room at one side. "I'm sure it is very damp."

She sat down and motioned him to a chair; he studied her with some surprise; the transition from wild terror to her present calm was most notable.

"There has been a recovery of poise, evidently," Ashton-Kirk told himself. "She is still frightened, but for some reason is anxious to hide it."

"This morning," said Miss Vale, with a laugh that rang perfectly, "I found that I was only a woman after all. This—this dreadful thing so startled me that for a time I did not know what to do. My first impulse was to call you, and I acted upon it. But," with a pretty gesture of apology, "when I had recovered myself somewhat, I saw that I had disturbed you unnecessarily."

"You don't mean that, after all, Hume is not——"

She held up her hand for him to stop. A strong shudder seemed to run through her; she bent her head so that the light would not fall too strongly upon her face. In a moment, however, she recovered.

"Yes, yes," she said, her voice perfectly under control. "He is dead—shockingly murdered. What I mean is, that while the event is very dreadful—still, it does not really concern me more than any other crime of the same nature which we see staring at us from the columns of the newspapers every day. This man's being in my mind so much of late caused me to become unnerved when I heard the news."

"When did it occur?"

"Sometime since midnight."

There was a silence. Miss Vale arose and began to pace the room. The long white cloak that had draped her fell away, she wore a ball dress and her arms and shoulders shone splendidly under the lights.

"How did you hear of it?" asked Ashton-Kirk.

There was a scarcely perceptible hesitancy; then she answered:

"Through the newspapers. We were returning from Mrs. Barron's about three o'clock. The papers had just come out, and I felt a curiosity to see them wet from the press. When I reached home the first thing that caught my eye was the account of Hume's death."

"Did you call me up at once?"

"Yes. As I have said, it was the first thing that occurred to me. And again I beg your pardon for having disturbed you uselessly."

Ashton-Kirk gestured this aside.

"It may be that the affair will turn out to have some interesting features," said he. "And with that possibility in view, I am rather pleased than not in having an opportunity of getting so early upon the ground."

She paused in her pacing, and turned upon him a startled look.

"You do not mean to go there—to Christie Place," she said.

"I may as well. I may be of use." He looked at her for a moment steadily, then asked: "Do you know of any reason why I should not go?"

Instantly the startled look vanished a smile lit up the pale face, wanly.

"Of course not," she cried. "You are interested in dreadful happenings—I had forgotten that. I suppose you are really quite delighted; and instead of craving pardon I should be expecting praise, for putting you in the way of this one."

She laughed lightly, a smile flitted across his keen face, as he rose and said:

"What has happened may make a change in the affairs of Allan Morris."

She came to him and laid a hand upon his arm. Her coolness won his admiration.

"I beg of you to forget all that I told you yesterday," she said. "I had been brooding so long that I had began to fancy all sorts of impossible things. I see very clearly now that this man Hume could have had nothing of any consequence to do with Mr. Morris. It was a romance—a rather foolish fancy, and a very wild one."

There was sweet seriousness in her manner; and the lurking smile still hovered about her lips. It was as though a return to reason had driven away the fears of the day before—the alarmed girl had given place to a sensible woman.

But behind all this, Ashton-Kirk could detect something else. The almost swooning terror of the girl who had spoken to him over the telephone was still there—held rigidly in check to be sure, but unquestionably there. While her lips smiled, the eyes sometimes betrayed her: and there was a tenseness about her that almost screamed. Her good-by was soft and kindly spoken, she held out her hand, frankly, and thanked him for his interest. There was nothing hurried in her manner; it was all smoothly and leisurely done. And yet he felt that if she had followed the impulse that filled her, she would have taken him by the shoulder and bundled him from the room in order that she might be alone.

"Alone—to think," he said, as he got into his car at the curb. "But to think about what?" Aloud he said to the driver: "Christie Place."

By this time the early workers were begining to thicken in the street; street cars were more frequent; the dull night hum of the city was growing in volume. The spark had set the car's engine throbbing heavily, and the driver was about to start when a second vehicle drew up and Ashton-Kirk found himself looking into the alarmed face of young Pendleton.

"Heavens, Kirk!" cried the newcomer, as he leaped out, "has anything serious happened?"

"To whom?" asked the investigator, quietly, his eyes fixed upon the young man's face.

"To Edyth, of course. Has anything been seen of her?"

"I have just left her; she seemed a bit agitated, but perfectly well."

A look of relief crossed Pendleton's face.

"Oh!" said he. "All right. I was begining to think that something was up. You see," and here he lowered his voice, "I danced with her about midnight at Mrs. Barron's; about two o'clock her aunt, Mrs. Page, came to me in great distress and said she was strangely missing. She had slipped away somewhere without a word."

Ashton-Kirk looked at him keenly.

"Of course it was up to me to find her,' said Pendleton; "but my efforts were without result. Her car was gone, and the man said Miss Vale had called it about one o'clock; also that she had driven away in it alone.

"At this news Mrs. Page grew quite ill, and I brought her home here in my car. Then I departed upon a vague sort of search. As the matter was to be kept perfectly quiet and I was to ask no questions of anybody, you can imagine how much chance I had of doing anything. But if she's at home, it's all right. At sight of you I thought it had proved to be something alarming and that they had sent for you."

"I was sent for," said Ashton-Kirk, dryly, "but not to hunt for Miss Vale. Now jump in here and come along; I've got a little matter that may be of interest."

"I haven't had breakfast," said Pendleton; "but there's always something piquant to your little affairs. I'll go you."

He dismissed his own car and climbed into that of his friend. As they whirled up the street, Ashton-Kirk suddenly directed his driver to stop. Then he called to a man with a great bundle of newspapers who stood calling them monotonously upon a corner.

Again the car started with the investigator deep in the sheaf of papers which he had purchased. Page after page failed to reveal anything to his practiced glance; at length he swept them to the floor of the car. A smile was upon his lips—the smile of a man who had received a nod of approval from Circumstances.

"The first edition of the morning dailies lacks interest," he said. "A crime of some moment can be committed between midnight and dawn, and not a line appear in type concerning it until the later issues."

Pendleton looked at him with mock disapproval.

"One would suppose,' 'said he, "that you had expected to find some such criminal narrative in those," and he indicated the discarded newspapers.

"There were reasons why I should," answered Ashton-Kirk. "And very good reasons, too. But," and he laughed a little, "for all that, I had an indefinite sort of feeling that I should not find it. This may sound a trifle queer; but nevertheless it is true."

"The account was to have been of a murder," accused Pendleton. "I can see it in your face, so don't take the trouble to deny it. I had hoped that your plunge into what you styled the 'literature of assassination' would not last—that a good night's rest would turn your thoughts into another groove.' '

"Perhaps it would have been so," said Ashton-Kirk. "But things have happened in the meantime."

"And you don't appear at all put out that they have done so. That is possibly the most distressing feature of the business. If anything, you seem rather pleased. Of course, an odd murder or so is to be expected in the ordinary course of events; but one hardly counts upon one's intimates being concerned in them. It is disconcerting."

He crossed his legs and pursed up his lips.

"If you don't mind," added he, "now that I have expressed myself, I'll listen to the details of whatever you have in view."

"There is not a great deal to tell," said Ashton-Kirk. "A man has been murdered in Christie Place. It happens that I have an interest in the matter; otherwise I would not think of dipping into it,"

Pendleton looked at him reproachfully.

"After all, then,' 'exclaimed he, "you are but a dilettante! Assassination in the abstract is well enough, but you have a disposition to shirk practical examples. I have been deceived'!'

Christie Place was some distance west and ran off from a much frequented street. It was notable for the wilderness of sign boards that flared from each side. The buildings were apparently let out in floors and each lessee endeavored to outdo his neighbor in proclaiming his business to the passing public. The lower floors were, for the most part, occupied by small grocers, dealers in notions, barbers, confectioners and such like.

"What a crowded, narrow little place," commented Pendleton, as the car turned into the street. The air in the street seemed to him heavy.

About midway in the block a small group stood about a doorway; from a window above swung a sign bearing the name of Hume. The car stopped here; Ashton-Kirk and his friend got out; the group at the doorway parted and a big man stepped forward.

"Why, hello," said he, cordially. "You're the last person I was looking for. How did you hear about this?"

"Good morning, Osborne," said Ashton-Kirk, shaking the big man's hand. "I'm glad to find you in charge. I got it in an unusual sort of way, and came down to have a look."

Osborne, though in plain clothes, was emphatically a policeman. His square face, his big frame, his dogged expression, somehow conveyed the impression as plainly as words.

"It must have been unusual," said he, "because even the reporters haven't got it yet; headquarters is keeping it quiet until the chief gets in."

Ashton-Kirk looked vastly pleased.

"Excellent," said he to Pendleton. "We'll have a look at the place before it has lost the atmosphere of the crime." Then to Osborne: "May we go up?"

"Sure," answered the other readily. "Only don't pull things around any. That young fellow that they've elected coroner is awful touchy about such things. He wants to be first always."

"Nothing of importance shall be disturbed," promised Ashton-Kirk. Then motioning Pendleton to follow, he ascended the flight that led to the second floor

It was narrow and dusty, as Miss Vale had said. The walls were smutted, the hand rail felt greasy, the air was stale. A passage, dim and windowless, ran the depth of the building; from the front there came a patch of daylight through a ground glass door. Upon this latter could be easily read the words:

DAVID P. HUME
Numismatist
Philatelist
Art Curiosities

A policeman stood at the head of the stairs smoking a cigar in an informal way.

"All right," he said, "if Osborne let you come up I've got nothing to say. He's the boss."

"Have you looked over the place?"

"Just a glance. The floor has been fitted up as an apartment. Hume occupied all the rooms. The body," pointing to the front room, "is in there."

"Thanks."

Ashton-Kirk turned the knob of the door nearest, the one with the lettering upon it. The room was without windows; the investigator closed the door and lighted the gas.

"Just a moment," said he.

The door leading to the front room stood wide. He disappeared through this for a moment; when he returned, his face wore a tightened expression; his eyes were swift and eager.

"This is a sort of store room, I should say," spoke Pendleton.

Pictures hung about upon the walls and stood packed in corners; statues of bronze, marble and plaster were on every side; brass bas-reliefs, rugs of Eastern design and great price, antique armor, coin cabinets, ponderous stamp albums, Japanese paintings and carvings and a host of queer and valuable objects fairly crammed every inch of space.

"I heard that Hume was wealthy," commented Ashton-Kirk. "And this seems to prove it. This room contains value enough to satisfy a fairly reasonable person."

To Be Continued.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

POPULATION OF STATES OF U. S.

Please give the population of the different states of the United States. —J. E. E., Camp Creek, W. Va.

The following is the population of the states of the United States:

Alabama, 2,138,093; Arizona, 204,354; Arkansas, 1,574,449; California, 2,377,549; Colorado, 739,024; Connecticut, 1,114,756; Delaware, 202,322; District of Columbia, 331,069; Florida, 751,139; Georgia, 2,609,121; Idaho, 325,594; Illinois, 5,638,591; Indiana, 2,700,876; Iowa, 2,224,771; Kansas, 1,690,949; Kentucky, 2,289,905; Louisiana, 1,656,388; Maine, 742,371; Maryland, 1,295,346; Massachusetts, 3,366,416; Michigan, 2,810,173; Minnesota, 2,075,708; Mississippi, 1,797,114; Missouri, 3,293,335; Montana, 376,053; Nebraska, 1,192,214; Nevada, 81,875; New Hampshire, 430,572; New Jersey, 2,537,167; New Mexico, 327,301; New York, 9,113,279; North Carolina, 2,206,287; North Dakota, 577,056; Ohio, 4,767,121; Oklahoma, 1,657,155; Oregon, 672,765; Pennsylvania, 7,665,111; Rhode Island, 4,542,610; South Carolina, 1,515,400; South Dakota, 583,888; Tennessee, 2,184,789; Texas, 3,896,542; Utah, 373,351; Vermont, 355,956; Virginia, 2,061,612; Washington, 1,141,990; West Virginia, 1,221,119; Wisconsin, 2,333,860; Wyoming, 145,965; Alaska, 64,356; Hawaii, 191,909; Porto Rico, 1,118,012; in the military and naval service 55,607. The population of continental United States is 91,972,267, and that of this country and its possessions, 93,402,151.

SIMON NEWCOMB

Please give a brief biography of Simon Newcomb.—G. M., Riverside, Mich.

Simon Newcomb, the American mathematician and astronomer, was born March 12, 1835, and died in 1909. He came to the United States from Nova Scotia in 1853, and taught in Maryland. He graduated from the Lawrence Scientific school at Harvard in 1858. In 1861 he was appointed professor of mathematics in the U. S. navy and assigned to duty at the naval observatory; negotiated the contract for and supervised the construction of the great telescope; was secretary of the transit of Venus commission from 1871-82; and observed transit at the Cape of Good Hope in 1882. He also directed several parties to observe eclipses beginning in 1860. From 1877-97 Newcomb was senior professor of mathematics and superintendent of the Nautical Almanac office. He retired from active duty in the navy in 1897, and from that time to his death he devoted himself to pure and popular science He was made a member of many scientific societies and received degrees from a large number of well known and high universities and colleges. Newcomb was the author of many text books and other works on astronomy and mathematics.

ROBERT S. VESSEY

Please give a sketch of Governor Vessey, of South Dakota.—A. C. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

Robert Scadden Vessey, the governor of South Dakota, was born May 16, 1858. He was educated in the common schools and commercial college. In 1882 he married Florence Albert, of Oshkosh, his native town. From 1883 to 1885 Vessey was engaged in the mercantile business, as well as banking and real estate. While a member of the legislature of that state he introduced measures compelling campaign commissioners to keep account of expenses and make public reports; giving state railroad commissions power to compel railroads to build connecting tracks at intersecting points and establish joint through rates, and secured adoption of more rigid banking laws. He was elected governor of South Dakota in 1909, and is still holding that office.

ELIZABETH K. MONROE

Please tell what you can about the history of the life of Mrs. James Monroe.—M. P., Tullahoma, Tenn.

Elizabeth Kortright Monroe, the wife of President James Monroe, was born in New York city in 1863, and died in 1830. She was the daughter of Captain Lawrence Kortright, of the British army, who remained in New York after the peace of 1783. Elizabeth was educated in her native city, and was supposed to have married Monroe in 1789, and settled in Philadelphia after the marriage. In 1794 she went with her husband to France, where he was the United States minister, and during her stay there Mrs. Monroe visited the wife of the Marquis Lafayette, who was confined in the prison of La Force, hourly expecting to be executed, finally effecting her release. Mrs. Monroe returned to America with her husband, only to accompany him abroad for the second time when he again represented this country in several of the courts of Europe. On their return to America they resided in Virginia, then in Washington, where, as the wife of the secretary of state, and, later the president, Mrs. Monroe was as prominent in society as her delicate health would permit. She is said to have been an elegant and accomplished woman, possessing a charming mind and dignity of manners which peculiarly fitted her for her elevated station.

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE

Have any of the states congressmen-at-large, and if they do, what are the names of the states? What is meant by a congressman at large?—J. A. P., Denton, Ky.

A congressman at large is a congressman for which the whole state votes. Most of the states in the United States are divided into congressional districts, from each one there being one congressman. Many of the smaller states, however, are not divided into districts and the congressmen are elected by all the people in the state. Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Montana and Nevada have each one congressman at large, while North Dakota and South Dakota have each two.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

I would like to have you please give a sketch of Marie Antoinette—R. L. L., Mapleton, Minn.

Marie Antoinette, the queen of France, was born in Vienna, Austria, November 2, 1755, and died in Paris, October 16, 1793. She was the daughter of the Emperor Francis I. and the celebrated Maria Theresa. When only 15 years of age she left Vienna for Versailles to marry the man who was afterwards to become Louis XVI. of France. In 1774 when her husband ascended the throne she gained the affections of the people by repeated acts of generosity. It was, however, soon observed that her natural freedom of woman brought on her the criticism of enemies about the court. Some believed that she was controlled by her mother as an Austrian spy. An extraordinary occurrence added fresh force to calumny and tarnished the fair name of the queen, who was not to blame. This was the affair of the "Diamond Necklace,' in which the Cardinal Louis de Rohan, the great quack Cagliostro and the Countess de Lamotte were the chief actors. It was certain that Marie Antoinette had great influence over the king, and that she constantly opposed such measures of reform and economy as had been proposed. Her extravagance was regarded by the people as one of the chief causes of their poverty. Her unpopularity increased, and the general indignation was raised to the highest pitch by the enthusiastic reception given her at the banquet on October 1, 1789, where the white Bourbon cockades were worn and the national cockade trampled under foot. The attack on Versailles and the transfer of the royal family to Paris followed in a few days. In 1792, on the last day of royalty, the queen exerted all her power to induce the king to resistance, as they had been taken prisoners at Varennes. The king thought resistance would be in vain and he was led with his wife before the legislative assembly. Marie Antoinette heard his deposition announced, and then accompanied him to the prison of the Temple. There, deprived of every semblance of royalty, she displayed magnanimity and patient endurance. In August, 1793, she was removed to the Conciergerie, and in October was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. She was charged with having dissipated the finances, exhausted the public treasury, corresponded with foreign enemies of France, and favored its domestic foes. She replied with firmness and decision, and heard her sentence pronounced with perfect calmness. On the same day she was guillotined. Marie Antoinette's faults were due in a great measure to her defective education and difficult position.

LUTHER BURBANK

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Luther Burbank in the columns of the Question Bureau?—V. G., Sonora, Calif.

Luther Burbank, the American naturalist, was born in Lancaster, Mass., March 7, 1849. His boyhood ws passed on a farm, where he became devoted to nature study, especially plant life. In 1875 he moved to Santa Rosa, California, where he has since conducted Burbank's Experiment Farms. He is the originator of the Burbank potato, Gold, Wickson apple, October Purple, Chalco, America and Climax plums; Giant and Fragrance callas; Giant, Splendor and Sugar prunes; Peach-blow, Burbank and Santa Rosa roses; and various new apples, peaches, nuts, fruits, flowers and vegetables. By a series of experiments he has succeeded in developing from the Lawton blackberry that curious anomaly a white blackberry, which he has named the Iceberg.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON

Please give a few facts concerning the life of Robert Louis Stevenson.—L. M., Felton, Ga.

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, the Scottish novelist, poet, and essayist, was born November 18, 1850, and died December 3, 1894. He went through Edinburgh university, was called to the Scottish bar, and was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates in 1875. But literture was his real vocation. His works are numerous and make interesting reading. Stevenson's health was always precarious and after various changes of residence, including one to Saranac lake in the Adirondacks, he went to the southern Pacific in 1888, and finally settled in Samoa, where he died.

CARNEGIE HERO FUND

I would like to have you tell what you can about the Carnegie hero fund in the columns of The Blade.—C. F. J., Gladesboro, Va.

In April, 1904, Andrew Carnegie created a fund of $5,000,000 for the benefit of the dependents of those losing their lives in efforts to save their fellowmen, or for the heroes themselves if only injured. Provision was also made for the awarding of medals to those who did heroic acts. The endowment was placed in hands of a commission of 21 persons, all residents of Pittsburg, Pa. Charles L. Taylor is president and F. M. Wilmot secretary and manager of the fund. Mr. Carnegie outlined the scheme for the fund in a letter to the commission. It was as follows: "To place those following peaceful vocations who have been injured in heroic effort to save human life, in somewhat better positions pecuniarily than before, until able to work again. In case of death, the widow and children or other dependents are to be provided for until they reach a self-supporting age. For exceptional children, exceptional grants may be made for exceptional education. Grants of sums of money may be also made to heroes or heroines as the commission thinks advisable—each case to be judged by its merits."

The fund applies only to acts performed in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, the Colony of Newfoundland and the waters thereof, and such must have been performed on or after April 15, 1904. Address all communications to the secretary.

MONTANA CLIMATE

Please tell what you can about the climate of the state of Montana.—E. E. K., Rock Castle, W. Va.

The soil is adapted for grazing, but a large part may be used for farming if irrigated. The springs are rainy, the summers are clear and dry, the autumns are delightful and the winters are clear and bracing. The climate of Montana is very beneficial to health, owing to the absence of high humidity. The hot days sometimes blister the skin, but the nights will be cool enough to require blankets. The lands are of three general classes—the bottom lands near the streams, with rich, black, alluvial soil; the bench lands, whose soil is a sandy loam, capable of wide range of cultivation, and the high bluffs, suitable largely for grazing. The agricultural crops are corn, wheat, oats, barley, hay and forage, rye, peas and potatoes.

EDMUND BURKE

Please give a biography of Edmund Burke, the English parliamentarian who stood up for America in the lower house.—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

Edmund Burke, the British statesman, was born in 1729 and died in 1797. He was graduated and studied law in Dublin, his native city; began a literary career in London in 1750; was member of parliament 1765, 1768, and 1774. While there he distinguished himself in debates on the American stamp act, by his support of the colonies; delivered a speech on economical reform in 1780; began his great labor on East Indian affairs in 1783; conducted the impeachment of Warren Hastings in 1786, and made the most memorable oratorical effort of his life in Westminster hall, in the presence of an immense assembly February 15, 1788. Although a verdict of acquittal was passed in 1795, the efforts of Burke led the way to great reforms in India.

Burke was greatly beloved by his friends. His conversation was delightful and instructive. He was exceedingly charitable and founded a school for the children of French immigrants, the permanent support of which formed one of his latest cares. His oratory was pre-eminently that of the full mind, which makes excursions to a vast variety of subjects, connected by slightest associations, and that in a diction as rich and varied as the matter. In delivery, however, the effect of his speeches was by no means proportioned to their absolute merit, their length, their copiousness, abundance of ornament and wide field of speculation produced impatience in men of business absorbed in the particular subject of debate; added to which, his manner was indifferent, his voice harsh, and his action, though forcible, inelegant. On the whole, though the greatest genus, he was by no means the most effective orator in the house of commons.

MISCELLANEOUS

S. H. M., Nickelsville, Va.—There is no national law prohibiting one from giving a bank check for less than $1.00.

M. A. G., Kyrnside, W. Va.—The object you found was probably a meteorite.

G. G. P., Bluefield, W. Va.—A "setting of eggs" is the proper term to use.

H. G., East Jordan, Mich.—The person who started to walk around the border of the United States from this office finished his trip, but no book was written of the journey.

A. T. B., Palmyra, Mich.—The national hymn of this country is America.

A Test of Credulity.

Manchester Union.

From New York comes a news dispatch concerning the supposed suicide of a young man who was found dead in bed, with a bullet hole in his head. No weapon was found by the legal althorities on their arrival at the scene, but it was explained by relatives that the young man's revolver, which he had been accustomed to keep under his pollow, had been removed by members of the family when the tragedy was discovered. So far, the story is plausible, at least; but the positiveness with which it is stated that the young man shot himself while in a dream raises an interesting question as to the point to which psychic penetration has progressed. In the absence of visible or audible indications of nightmare, or of somnial monologue—and none of these is mentioned in the dispatch—just how could it be known that the young man died in a dream?

A Great Kansas Well.

Fowler cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A million gallons is a whole lot of water, but that is the amount which is now being pumped daily from the big irrigation well on the A. D. Walker ranch, seven miles northeast of Fowler, in Meade county.

And this is not the full capacity of the well. Gradually as the water is forced out by the large double docked centrifugal pump which hangs 80 feet below the surface the flow is increasing. The 1,500,000 mark will soon be reached if the present increase continues long, and even the most enthusiastic promoter cannot foretell what the limit will be.

This well was drilled 300 feet deep and 140 feet of that distance passes through continuous strata of the best water bearing sand. The casing and screen are so put down that water is admitted to the well from every available foot of water bearing sand and gravel. This water is chemically pure and soft.

The Cooling Alfalfa

Kansas City Journal.

Throughout central Kansas most of the farmers are planting patches of alfalfa on the south side of their homes. They have found out that a field of growing alfalfa cools the temperature from 10 to 20 degrees on a hot day. Alfalfa is filled with moisture and is death to hot winds, which usually come from the south. In fact, most of Kansas wind comes from that direction. For the very opposite reason the farmers do not aim now to plant their wheat on the south side of their homes. Wind passing over wheat stubble after harvest time will raise the temperature from 10 to 20 degrees.

Two Kentucky Epitaphs.

Bowling Green Messenger.

In the beautiful little city of the dead in the historic city of Eddyville is a plain slab bearing the inscription, "Murdered in cold blood by Martin Bigwood and Hylan Skinner." This was erected by the widow of Charles Gatewood. Both Bigwood and Skinner served terms in the penlitentiary for the crime. Skinner was a member of one of the most prominent families in western Kentucky. He traveled over the entire habitable world and then returned to Eddyville and surrendered to the authorities. Both were pardoned before their terms expired, and so far as we know they have since led reputable lives. Many efforts were made to have Mrs. Gatewood erase the inscription, but she refused to authorize it, and it is there to this day.

In the state cemetery at Frankfort on a classic marble column may be found the name and a brief record of the life of Solomon P. Sharp, and at the close may be found the significant words: "Stabbed to death while extending the hand of hospitality." Mr. Sharp, at the time of his death in the early part of the last century, was one of the most prominent men of his age in the state. He was killed by his former friend and protege, Jeroboam Beauchamp. The killing involved a family feud, and partisans of each side may be found to this day.

The Significant "If."

Christian Register.

Three scientific men from an eastern college visited a certain Montana mine. On the ascent by means of the usual bucket one professor thought he perceived signs of weakness in the rope by which the bucket was suspended. "How often," he inquired of the attendant, "do you change these

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Catching the Cow

Many of the old proverbs are too good to wear out. They are always useful as inspirations. That one that says, "Don't cry over spilt milk, get up and catch the cow," teaches a wise philosophy. If there is a reader who has overlooked Blade advertisements in the past he should not waste time with vain regrets. The sensible thing to do is to grasp the opportunities at hand.

A bald-headed man can shine anywhere.

Advice to the sweet girl graduates: Stay sweet.

Work is the least expensive pastime we have ever found.

Nearly every argument with a socialist goes into extra innings.

"Mary Mannering marries a millionaire." See how fast you can say it.

There are some men who seem good for nothing but for a dog to love.

North Carolina's fervent prayers for rain were followed by a heavy downpour in Boston.

Many people can remember their first lie, but they have forgotten hundreds they told since.

You never hear anybody say of the fellow who rocked the boat—"He was a friend of mine."

When it comes to a question of fixing the blame for the earthquake in Mexico Diaz can prove an alibi.

Starting with one female fly April 15, it is said that by September 10 the family will number 5,598,720,000,000. Swat!

The Great Northern has filed a mortgage for $600,000,000. That would be our notion of something to worry about.

Some men seem to work on the theory that it is a waste of energy to do today what posterity can do tomorrow.

A southern editor says he wishes Mr. Bryan would go back to Nebraska and stay there. While wishing, wish a plenty.

"A new gun on the battleship Texas will hit the enemy twenty miles away." But wouldn't it be better to arbitrate?

"The Standard Oil people keep on piping their lay cheerily," says Financial America. But are they laying any pipes?

It is a mistake to believe that good little trusts die young, like the small boys we used to read about in Sunday school fiction.

The mosquisto has its own peculiarities. It is the only man eater that sings while going about seeking whom it may devour.

The fighting spirit of a woman never becomes thoroughly manifest until she engages in a mad effort to swat an illusive fly.

One trouble is that when an old statesman writes his recollections he leaves out a lot of interesting things he wants to forget.

"Queen Mary is a remarkable woman," says a man who knew her children's governess well. That's the way things leak out.

Speaking of innocent bystanders, there is Champ Clark. He refuses to throw anybody out of the window for mentioning him for President.

Blue Monday, according to a French physician, is due to psychomotor inertia. We have always had an idea that it was something of that kind.

Williams Jennings Bryan says he will not be a candidate in 1912. This declaration will make it look hopeless for the old Democrats who have been letting their whiskers grow since 1896.

Governor Woodrow Wilson has been approached on the question of running for vice president with Governor Harmon at the head of the ticket. He thinks we are going to have some nice June weather.

It is predicted that fifty years hence science will have progressed to the point where nobody will have to work. Then the only use for alarm clocks will be to wake people up in time for the picnic.

A Missouri man is going to produce a rooster that won't crow. Out of our meagre knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of chickens we make the prediction that a crowless rooster will not be popular with the hens.

TRADE, COMPETITION AND WAR.

The United States is fortunate in the fact that she is not compelled to live upon her foreign trade. Large and important as it is, that trade is not the basis of our prosperity. We could manage to exist without it, to grow and to prosper.

It is realized by only few Americans that another situation rules with Germany and England. Their populations, confined to narrow limits, must be provided with food and clothing and comfort. They must seek outside for their incomes. They must live by what the world buys of them. The advantage lay for generations with England. Then Germany underwent an industrial awakening. She challenged Great Britain in the world's markets. Her competition is telling. She is becoming more and more powerful, more and more aggressive, more and more ready to question England's traditional right to dominate in the far corners of the earth.

How far may this competition go before clashing trade will cause the clashing of armaments? This is the question which is troubling the foreign offices of all the powers. Were it possible for the competitors to come to an agreement as to their commerce, to arrange a division of spoils, as it were, to decide that certain preferences should be recognized or all preferences destroyed, the war clouds would be brushed aside. The way to these agreements has not been opened. A traveler writes: "It is believed there is a danger and that it will come, perhaps suddenly, from Germany. The emperor can find a cause for beginning hostilities whenever he thinks the day has come."

Once more we can think ourselves fortunate. When the giants come together they cannot involve us save indirectly. What we have to lose as a nation will not do us great harm.

AN INFRINGEMENT.

The hardest work of the man who invents something new and extremely useful is to hold possession. His ideas are stolen. His patents are infringed upon. His genius is rewarded only if he is a good fighter and can command capital. The fact holds true in other fields.

Years ago the summer resorts discovered that stories of the sea serpent, instead of causing the abandonment of the beaches, as one might naturally suppose, attracted crowds, drew the hungry and thirsty, made business and prosperity. So, forthwith, the seaside places each proceeded to devise serpents warranted to scare the most stolid tourist into conniption fits. The creature was an annual, never coming into horrific blossom until the proper season when everyone would be in bathing clothes and have to struggle like mad for the sands at the first shout of "snakes." By all the rights of pre-emption, of eminent domain, the patent and copyright laws and vested property, the sea serpent belonged to the summer resorts. But here, through a Sunday dispatch, we learn that a sea serpent was sighted from the decks of the White Star liner Celtic and the fact duly advertised when the ship got in.

The case is one for the admiralty courts, the service of injunction, writs, subpoenas, sockage and soakage. Invention must be respected.

ANDY IN PROPHETIC MOOD.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has been an adept at prophecy ever since he practiced estimating what his rivals in the steel business would do, predicts that the multi-millionaire will be unknown to the world of a half century hence. It will then be impossible to accumulate money in vast quantity, or even to hold that which has been garnered with big nets.

Mr. Carnegie places the period for the end of our modern Croesuses so far ahead that none of his friends and associates will be likely to take offense. It will not greatly worry the Morgans, the Ryans, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Gates, the Welkins, the Dukes, the Rogers and others of the company of opportunists that their wealth shall dwindle and be reabsorbed in the general circulation after they are dead and gone. We are wondering, however, how this process will be brought about. Some of these families have such tremendous quantities of gold that it is well-nigh impossible to dissipate it. There would seem to be scarce enough champagne, race horses, yachts, chorus girls and bookless and unlearned communities in the world to make very deep impressions upon the fortunes. Mr. Carnegie may have the endowment of national treasuries in mind or excessive inheritance taxes. In any case, the prediction is interesting and, barring the excessive time limit, encouraging.

THE CRACK OF DOOM.

The date most recently established for the ending of the world is November, 1912. A woman lying in a trance in St. Louis has whispered this message, saying that it has come to her through the angels. Members of a new cult have found confirmation of the prophecy in the Scriptures. They entertain no doubt of its sacred origin and are now proceeding through a course of rigorous spiritual cleansing against the hour when the crack of doom shall sound.

The present generation has experienced a countless number of world endings. They have come and gone and never a hitch has been noted in the sweep of the solar system amid the stars. But these failures may only argue defects in the predictions, not that the earth is not to blow up like a weak boiler and scatter her children among the cold spaces of infinity. We admit a sort of liking for this latest world ending because of the date of fulfillment. The next national election will also come in November, 1912. All the light of the sky will then fade out for numbers of human beings. Hope will die for many men to whom hope is now sweet and joyous. The world will be a place of sorrowing and weeping and gnashing of teeth, and if the ground shall not open up and engulf grieving souls of capitals and cities, of counties and townships, it will not be because there are wanting those who will not welcome the cataclysm. They would find it a becoming climax to losing in the election.

MERE COWARDICE.

Destiny placed it within the power of the house Democrats to pass whatever tariff revision measures they chose and to count upon the help of the senate insurgents to place them in the hands of the President for approval. One of the cardinal planks of Democratic platforms since the tariff agitation has been a declaration for the removal of duties from all articles entering into competition with trust controlled materials. The house ways and means committee undertook to carry out the pledge, but found the pressure too great. It could not bring itself to recommend free wool in the face of the opposition of the woolen trust. So it has compromised and at the same time tried to throw dust by attacking President Taft and Republican congresses of the past.

The report says:

> Had the President made the public admissions earlier, while the tariff of 1909 was under consideration by congress, his declarations would have been of real service to the people and would have enabled them to protest against the betrayal of the public welfare to private greed. * * * The present situation of the treasury, following a long course of unwarranted extravagance by the Republican party and the appropriations already made by the 61st congress, which the Democratic minority could not limit, requires that the revenue from customs duties in the immediate fiture be maintained at approximately the total of the fiscal year 1910.

Occasionally we entertain hope of the entrance of a new species of politician—one that will play with the cards dealt him, not be guilty of sneaking others from his sleeve; one who will be frank, straightforward, admit it honestly if he has to hedge, assume responsibilities for his own acts and not try to shove blame upon some other fellow. But the dream is impossible of realization. Cowardice seems innate to the average political mind.

TAINTED COMPANY.

At the public hearings upon the Canadian reciprocity bill held by the senate finance committee, it was brought out that the officers of the National Grange, fighting the measure, had received offers of financial aid from the woolen trust, the paper and the lumber trust. No evidence was forthcoming that this aid was accepted. It would have been a strange merging of interests and, for the honor of the Grange, it is to be hoped that it declined to enter the coalition.

Two of these trusts directly affect the pocketbook of the farmer. It has been shown that the wool producers receive less for their wool today than they did when foreign competition was possible, when a greater number of sheep were raised and when ordinary wearing apparel was cheaper. The inference is plain. The trust has reaped the benefits, the producers none. The lumber trust has lived by and upon the farmers. The backbone of its prosperity is the constant need the agriculturist has for lumber. The farmer who can feel the least sympathy for that group of grasping corporations could feel kindly toward wild beasts which prey upon his cattle. It was the lumber trust which raised the $100,000 for the bribed election of Senator Lorimer. The trust continues impudently active in maintaining the senator in Washington and such other members of the senate who dance as the trust fiddles.

The National Grange must take pains to prove that it has not made a bedfellow, for expediency's sake. The suspicion is abroad and it will be strange, indeed, if the officers are not called upon sharply by the rank and file for unequivocal explanation.

THE MONETARY COMMISSION.

The fate of the Aldrich monetary commission is sealed, it is declared in Washington. The house committee on expenditures of the treasury department has looked over the membership of the commission, considered the array of lame ducks sourly and decided that this will be a good place to practice some of the economy so highly recommended by the executive offices.

The monetary commission was born of the necessity for currency reform made glaringly apparent when congress met after the panic of 1907. Some real work has been performed. The commission, in its early labors, uncovered the flaws in our system. The measures advised, with the sanction of Senator Aldrich, have received the endorsement of bankers, financiers, students, statesmen and thoughtful citizens throughout the country. However poor has been the service of the senator from Rhode Island in other public matters, it is admitted that he has shown clear thinking, progress, and patriotism in the currency plans he has devised. Yet the monetary commission has fallen into low estate. It has been made the cushion upon which discredited politicians might fall. It is the buffer between them and the cold, cold world of private and jobless life.

To the credit of Mr. Aldrich it must be said that he is in sympathy with the movement to disband the commission. He, himself, has accepted no money from the liberal appropriation made for it, and there are other members who have been as stoically self-denying. But the work of the commission will not have been lost. The effort to reform a dangerous makeshift will surely have its sequel in legislation and the establishment of the currency upon an efficient basis.

ARE WE READY FOR IT?

Elbert H. Gary probably reflects a state of irritation and desperation in the field of Big Business rather than hope when he admits the advisability of the government fixing the prices of trust products. For all that, his statements before the senatorial investigators are of startling significance.

The serious students of our industrial revolution have thought it within the realm of possibilities that the practice of the Interstate Commerce commission in dealing with railroads might some day be extended to include all corporate business. Not only might regulation govern the manner of manufacture, the relationship with competition, the dealings with producers of raw material, the introduction of safety devices and encouragement in the application of invention and discovery, but also the most intimate association with the consumers. Mr. Gary has pointed SHRDL outcome of radical promises. It may be doubted if the country, as eager for experiment as it is, is quite ready to follow him.

But if there is anything of prophecy in Gary's words, it is of the extremest importance to consider how such an advanced course in federal governmental processes must be taken. New laws must be made, laws of a complex nature far beyond anything with which congress has ever dealt. And this brings up another consideration. Is there capacity in congress to make such laws?

Think of Jeff Davis bellowing his childish ideas of economics; of Simon Guggenheim, working like a mole for advantages in committees; of Reed Smoot, representing not a commonwealth, but the vast investments of the Mormon oligarchy; of Isidor Raynor, authority on white rhinoceroses, attempting to think like a grown man holding a responsible job; of shifty Jacob Gallinger, of the "public-spirited" William La Follette, whispering to his new political bedfellow, Joseph Cannon! Minds that can grasp the idea of these patriots working with such a problem can conceive of the solution coming from William Lorimer of the lumber trust; Benjamin Tillman, who said that "If there is to be stealings I want my share;" of Joseph Bailey, all hollow behind his voice.

Frankly we think the difficulty is too great a one for the intelligence which rules in the halls of congress. Until the standard is raised, something of expertness introduced, something of the tremendous nature of the changes involved realized, it would be too dangerous a legislation to undertake.

PASSENGER PIGEONS AGAIN.

Mr. George Hedrick, of Fort Recovery, Ohio, writes us of an interesting observation:

> I saw something this morning that I have not seen for more than 20 years. It was a flock of wild pigeons. I was out in my pasture getting my horse, and, lo and behold, here came a flock of 50 or 60 wild pigeons flying around me. I brought the horse to the barn and they came again close to me. I am not mistaken as to their being the true wild pigeon, for I caught many of their kind in nets and gathered sacks of them when I was a boy. They used to roost at my father's farm not more than two miles from where I live now. I have made nets to catch them and taken as many as four dozen in a single catch. This is in Gibson township, Mercer county, Ohio, where I have lived for 72 years, except three years spent in the war.

Mr. Hedrick may be mistaken, but the chances are he is not. The famous passenger pigeon was a long-tailed bird, having a length of 16 to 18 inches, its feathers of a beautiful metallic sheen, graceful and, once seen or examined, scarcely to be confused with any other. Books of reference state that the pigeon is still to be found in the upper Mississippi valley and the borderland of the United States and Canada, but the statement would probably be warmly questioned by field ornithologists.

Though the passenger pigeons were slaughtered unmercifully for food and sometimes shot down in pure wantonness, their disappearance has never been satisfactorily explained. There were too many of them for mere hunters to do away with. They flew in flocks which were days passing a given point. They darkened the skies with their numbers and broke down tree branches with their weight.

To have beheld them is a thing to boast about and to be congratulated upon. It would truly be an inspiring thing to all bird lovers if these birds should once more appear in Ohio.

SOCIALISTIC COLONIES.

In the recent transfer of the property of the Shaker society at Union village, this state, it was brought out that the land, houses, industries and other possessions are held at a valuation of more than $1,000,000. The colony had prospered far beyond its simple dreams, had stored up material blessings and, as such things usually go, had become the object of lawsuits and disputes.

The communistic society, if it succeeds, rarely continues purely altruistic. The Oneida settlement is now a competitor in the world, a corporation concerning itself very little with improving the lot of mankind in general, but of certain men and women in particular. The heirs of the founders count themselves very lucky, indeed, not that happiness has been spread, but that their own well being has been established for life. The Zoar properties have, we believe, passed out of common ownership into the hands of individuals. One of the well known band leaders of the country is rated a millionaire through inheritance of goods stored up by one of these societies.

Communism, as it has been experimented with in America, has not proved a very good example in self-denial, brotherly love and peaceful ways of living. Mayhap the original members experienced something of these prizes. But with their departure, the old desires revived, the lust of gain reappeared, the pleasure of being better off than people in general was appreciated.

PREFERENCES IN PERIL.

In spite of the successes of the aeroplane, its high popular favor and amazing promises, faith in the dirigible balloon as the solution of aerial navigation has not passed away. The reader still learns of the "launching" of new Zeppelins. Pictures of immense military airships appear in the magazines and the writers of scientific fiction find them applicable to their needs.

A German is now engaged in the building of an immense dirigible which will make the Zeppelin balloon look like a toad beside an elephant. Six hundred thousand dollars will be spent upon the construction. It will be capable of carrying 200 passengers and among the voyages pledged by the inventor is one from Berlin to New York. He says he can make the journey in three days.

Neither Zeppelin's dramatic failures nor Mr. Wellman's fiascos are to be accepted as final. It would seem that a number of aeronauts would rather have a balloon above them which was likely to blow up with a bang any moment than travel in flying machines given to diving and parting into their several parts without notice. There is such a thing as preferable ways of dying.

BACKSLIDERS.

It is as hard for nations to break themselves of vices as it is for individual human beings. The spirit acknowledges the value of virtue, the flesh cries for indulgence in the set habits.

Among the good works of Elihu Root, when secretary of state, was the negotiations of a treaty as between the United States and the several Central American countries by which the rifle and the machete should be cast into the scrap heap and appeals to arms be frowned upon and held in the light of international disorderly conduct. In imagination, the faces of the little Central Americans were to be seen shining with determination to keep to the vows of their conversion, holding in abhorrence all unregenerate neighbors. As the reformed signers feel the impulse to be reformers also, the signers of the compact looked about for belligerents they might warn and chide and for whom they might take pleasure in predicting the agonies of hellfire.

Former President Zelaya is at Havana, watching for the signal calling him back to new looting and bloody deeds in Nicaragua. Honduras is seething with revolution and a prospective upheaval in Guatemala has sent the soldiers of fortune who foregather in New York speeding for the tropics. There is a prospect for the old pickings, the fine old filibustering adventures and midnight raids upon sleeping cities.

NOT SO REACTIONARY.

Pennsylvania is held to be hopelessly streaked with reaction. Everything that is backward is prized, everything that gives full power to selfish and unscrupulous individualism is protected under the law. But it may be we have been reading the Pennsylvania newspapers awry. Their pessimism may not reflect the condition of popular mind.

Only the other day Pittsburg passed from the old corrupt and stupid ward governmental scheme to government under the commission plan. The legislature was brought around to the granting of an enlightened charter. Pittsburg is more a pattern for other communities in the state than is Philadelphia, and perhaps, long before an Ohio city can come out from under the iron hand of state political control every city in Pennsylvania will have obtained the government suited to its desires and needs.

WHY IT CAN'T BE.

The statement has recently been made that if free rein and encouragement were given to science, in 50 years there would be no such things as poverty, illiteracy, infectious diseases, panics, starvation, unemployment or any unhappiness to be blamed upon the absence of material necessities or blessings.

The idea seems entirely reasonable. A proper distribution of wealth as well as a proper distribution of the population would destroy the causes of poverty. Even today illiteracy is a negligible quantity among the native born Americans. The physicians have reduced smallpox from a disease extremely common to one so rare that foolish folk agitate against vaccination as needless. Treatment of the same sort promises to eliminate typhoid fever. The struggle is now on against tuberculosis with the possibility of early conquest. Were financial credit and national currencies upon sound bases, panics might be impossible. We believe that within the next decade it will be thought that unemployment is monstrous, that work for every one who wishes to work will be recognized not only as an individual right, but as a necessary protection to an orderly society.

But science has never been given free rein and only little encouragement. Even in an age when scientific discovery and the application of such discovery are matters of daily wonder, the work is that of disassociated persons and groups. There exists very little state aid for it. Parents still ignore the new order in the school courses they select for their children To bring the world to a realization of the gifts the world offers must mean that people must think very much alike. This is the thing they don't and won't do. They will not bow to a program and only reluctantly will they concede the value of any course without promise of immediate and tangible benefits.

That was a bright idea of the California couple who were married in an automobile while it was in motion, but if they had struck an immovable telephone pole the sea of matrimony would have seemed a little rough.

"Byrl Williams struck a cow while sailing a biplane and was hurled to the ground by the shock." And the little dog laughed to see so much sport when the dish ran away with the spoon.

What has become of the old-fashioned bulldog that used to have portions of the seat of a pair of short pants in his teeth during the green apple season?

One trouble with anti-trust laws is that they are allowed to get rusty before they are put to work.

The only way to worry a lazy man is to offer him a job.

Sunday School

The International Sunday School Lesson for June 18 is "The Downfall of Samaria." II. Kings 17:1-18.

By William T. Ellis.

One of the fascinating subjects in connection with Old Testament history, and one which many persons have made a hobby, is that of the fate of the ten northern tribes of Israel, who were carried into captivity by Assyria, and thenceforth disappear from the Bible record. The mystery has been the theme of many books, and of endless discussion. Some persons have intense convictions upon it, and this present article will doubtless call out hostile rejoinders. One company of persons hold that the Chinese are the lost Ten Tribes, while others say that the North American Indians are the descendants of the ancient Hebrew captives; a still larger body of advocates claim that the Anglo-Saxon race can boast this Scriptural origin. There are theories galore, for the subject is an alluring one. Today the whole Sunday school world will study the tragic episode that gives rise to all the speculations, the downfall of Samaria, the capital of the Northern Kingdom of Israel, and the carrying into captivity of the people by the Assyrians. The awful end, many times foretold, had come at last.

The romancers have long had their way with this subject. No speculation has been too wild to have adherents. A little less imaginativeness, and a little more attention to the records of history and geography in the case, clear up the whole subject, removing it out of the realm of unreality, but detracting not one whit from its interest. The very chapter from which this lesson is taken plainly says, "So Israel was carried away out of their own land to Assyria, unto this day." In other words, the Ten Tribes were never lost; they were tken to Assyria, where they remain to this day. They ceased to have a national existence, but their descendants are still, despite the marvellous changes which history has brought to this region, within the confines of the territory where they were placed by Sargon II.

A "Find" Along the Tigris.

What is written briefly in the Old Testament upon this subject is fully corroborated by what is written at length in the latest books of travel. During my own travels in Mesopotamia, a few weeks ago, I was not a little surprised—having paid more attention to ingenious theories upon the fate of the "lost" Ten Tribes than I had to the simple record—to learn that the Jews are still scattered in communities over the region along the Tigris River that was once Assyria. It is not they who have been lost, but we. This ancient center of civilization has passed almost wholly out of the common knowledge of mankind. Assyria is not so well known as China. There are a thousand Europeans and Americans who travel on the Yangtze to every one that travels on the Tigris or Euphrates. Mesopotamia is not so well known as Uganda. So through all these centuries, in strange fulfillment of the Biblical record, these Jews have persisted in the place of their captivity, despite almost constant poverty and oppression, while the kingdoms of Assyria and Babylon and Persia and Greece and Rome and the Caliphate have thriven and waned and disappeared before their eyes. This persistence of the Jew is uncanny, though scriptural.

In Bagdad, where there are from sixty to eighty thousand Jews, and several miserable synagogues, I had a conference with the chief Rabbi and his associates upon this subject of the "lost" tribes, and the existing Jews in Mesopotamia. They say that their people have always been here since the captivity, and that now there is no line of division between the captives from the northern and those from the southern kingdoms. The entire 12 tribes are represented in Bagdad, as well as up and down the valley. There are also many Jews in Persia, the ancient land of the Medes, whither Sargon sent them. While they have been desperately poor and oppressed, better days seem to be coming, and with the opening of the region to settlement, they should find their opportunity. The revived life and consciousness of the Jewish nation will not pass them by.

A Great Journey.

The average newspaper reader, who sees incomprehensible dispatches concerning the new Bagdad railway, never thinks that there is any connection between this and the story of the exile of Israel. Yet the present discussion is quite opportune for the Bible teacher who would make the Old Testament story vivid and real. The route of the Bagdad railway, from Aleppo southward, is, broadly speaking, the route of the great and miserable journey made by the Jewish captives. That this forced emigration was as definite and real as the daily runs of the limited trains between New York and Chicago, is an important point for the average boy and girl to fix in mind permanently. Shalmaneser IV. and Sargon II. are perfectly historical persons, and I myself have read the latter's boastful writings on the bricks of his now buried capital, which he thought was to endure forever. The person who would go further into the absorbing archaeological aspect of this story, and learn the marvelous historical confirmations of the Old Testament narrative, would better read Prof. Albert T. Clay's Light on the Old Testament from Babel, published by the Sunday School Times Co. I read it while floating down the Tigris river, and found it illuminating.

To remove the haze and obscurity that envelopes Assyria for the average person, it would be well to take a map and trace the probable route of the captives, acquiring on the way some knowledge of geography that will be useful in the interpretation of the day's news. Probably the Jordan was crossed somewhere near the Lake of Galilee—and how different this crossing from the one which their fathers had made, under Joshua, as the captives' consciences doubtless reminded them—and then, the mountains passed, they slowly journeyed up the valley through which now runs the Damascus-Homs railway. Through these smiling valleys, once their own inheritance, but now ravaged by invaders, they toiled afoot until they reached the ancient City of Aleppo, even then, as now, associated with the name of Abraham.

Indeed, these exiles were practically traversing, in an opposite direction, the journey which their great ancestor had made, to secure the inheritance which they had flung away. The way had many goads for their consciences. At Aleppo (now becoming, because of railway construction, the Chicago of Asia Minor), the Israelites and their captors turned due east, across the stony uplands of Mesopotamia. That is a rough road to travel to this day, on horseback or in stout-springed arabas; to these foot pilgrims, with their aged and ill and little children, it must have been torturing. But they were only prisoners, and entitled to scant consideration, getting such remnants of poor food as the cruel soldiers chose to give them. Soon they came in sight of the mountains of Kurdistan, where the soldiers redoubled their watchfulness, lest there be an attack from these fearless mountaineers, the Carduchi, as they were then called. Wells were infrequent and deep, and the company suffered from lack of water. All the land was so different from the ancient Hittite capital of Carchemish, still a ruin for the present-day traveler's observation. At the crossing, a slow, noisy process, as it is today, they were in fear of attack from the predatory Bedouin, then, as now, the enemy of all organized society. In another week, if the roads were not too muddy, or the snow on the ground, they were well past Harran, where Abraham had dwelt, and where Isaac had got his wife—the very well of Rebecca being pointed out by the fathers—and in sight of the Tigris river. Perhaps here the host made a halt beneath the big cliffs of the fortified city that is today called Diarbekir. It may be that the invalided and wounded soldiers, and the infirm among the Israelites, were here put aboard the goatskin rafts which were then, as they are now, the common means of conveyance down the Asshur or Ninevah, while the stronger ones marched down the river bank, over country that impressed them more by its difficulties than by its beauties. So at last they came to their undesired haven, and the miserable and heartsick Jews were scattered in slavery throughout Assyria, some being sent as far east as Media, the present Persia. And there they have remained since, a monument to the folly of a people that forsake the long-suffering Jehovah.

A Nation That Followed the Fashion.

Why this awful calamity, this wiping out of a nation's xistence? The answer is more clearly written for us in the case of Israel of old than it is in the modern instances of Korea, Poland and Finland, blotted out before the eyes of the present generation. The Northern Kingdom of Israel had sinned away its day of grace. The patient and forbearing Jehovah, after warnings and entreaties, had been flouted too far. If the universe is not to be a realm of anarchy, the Lord must be just as well as merciful. There will always be a place for the policeman in society. Law must have means of vindicating itself. A God who was only merciful, and not just, would be only the plaything of mortals. God is always love, but the rod is sometimes a better expression of love than a sweetmeat. The Israelites had passed the stage of reform; therefore their natural existence was extinguished as a candle is snuffed out.

With poetic justice, the end came through one of the powerful nations that the foolish Jews had tried to emulate. The clearly recorded cause for the downfall of the kingdom of Israel was that it preferred to follow the fashion of the nations rather than the will of Jehovah, who had called the Children of Israel to be a peculiar people. They wanted to be like other pople. He wanted them to be diffrent from other people. They could not perceive, any more than can thousands of equally foolish persons today, that it is better to live one's own life, and to work out one's own individuality, than to conform to the conventional standards. There are many women who would be beloved and useful homekeepers if they would stand true to their lot in life, who have made themselves into ridiculous imitations of "society" women. The first law of peace and success, for individuals and for nations, is to be loyal to one's own personality. There is no more absurd or dispicable spectacle within the seven seas than the American who is an imitation Englishman. And no persons are farther from perceiving the national destiny of the United States of America than those young gentlemen in diplomatic service who are trying their utmost to have the nation conform to certain continental usages and standards. Let us keep true to our only type, and obedient to our heavenly vision. Failure to do so wrecked Israel, and many another nation since.

The most modern of offenses was ancient Israel's race. It went mad after the prevailing fashions. It would rather be popular than right. The factory girl who saves her scanty wages, and stints her body and her brain in order to buy a big hat and a hobble skirt, is no more absurd than was old Israel. Both were victims of the craze to conform to the day's mode. Now conformity is the law of the lower life, but individuality is the low of the higher. Certain insects take on the color of the vegetation about them, even as petty souls blend into their background; but persons of force are able to withstand tendencies. The privilege of being "peculiar" in a noble sense, is one of the highest rights of man. That was the destiny which the Israelites missed. They chose the little gods of their neighbors, rather than the great God of Abraham. The message of this national disaster, the carrying into captivity of Israel by Assyria, is the message of being true to one's highest powers and possibilities. There is some Assyria that menaces every young person in the world; and his danger is that he will succumb through fear of being thought "peculiar."

Varieties

Paris has a museum of phonetics.

The production of tea is increasing rapidly in Japan.

A school of music has been opened in Bangkok, Siam.

A cubic mile of average rock weighs 12,800,000,000 tons.

There are known to be at least 10 varieties of flesh eating plants.

Sandstone will absorb a gallon or more of water to the cubic foot of rock.

Prunes are selling at the highest price in the history of Canadian trade.

Nearly twice as many women as men are engaged in the industries of Japan.

A combination crowbar and tool has been invented for moving heavy articles.

Fifty thousand coolies are at work in China on the Szechwan-Hupeh railway line.

In the British navy in 1906 there were 98,471 British and 43,930 Indian cars and Asiatics.

A moisture, gas, and even explosive proof telephone for use in mines has been invented.

About four thousand five hundred species of wild bees are known, and of wasps, 1,100.

In moving the Astor library, of New York, twenty thousand volumes a day were handled.

During the season just closed, the herring catch along the north Pacific coast was a failure.

A bridge at Yarmouth, England, revolves on a bearing containing balls two inches in diameter.

A new device permits advertising signs to be fastened to the axle nuts of wagons and similar vehicles.

The use of muslin in dairy windows instead of glass is said to lessen the danger from disease germs.

A muffler on the exhaust of an automobile lessens the efficiency of the engine from 3 to 10 per cent.

An important movement is being made to promote irrigation in Cuba at an expenditure of $25,000,000.

Germany's efforts to levy tolls on the navigation of the Rhine is giving the Hollanders some concern.

A spoon which permits the most careless persons to sip soup noiselessly has been invented recently.

The average number of acres to a farm in North Dakota in 1910 was 383, compared with 343 in 1900.

The wealth of Japan is over thirty billion yen ($15,000,000,000), ranking seventh in the wealth of the world.

In 1860 the state of Minnesota had a population of 170,000, and not a foot of railroad within its borders.

Every Paris public school has a restaurant where meals are furnished free to pupils too poor to buy them.

A fountain marking brush, somewhat resembling a huge fountain pen, has been patented by a Michigan man.

Any person guilty of running a motor vehicle in Prince Edward Island is fined $500 or put in jail six months.

The number of automobile establishments in this country increased from 57 in 1899 to 316 in 1909.

A new jack for automobiles is conveniently operated by a long brace like the type used for boring deep holes into wood.

Pennsylvania consumed almost one-third the production of natural gas in this country. West Virginia ranks second.

Consul Ifft, of Nuremberg, writes that there is no soda fountain in the city and he has never seen one in any German city.

With the help of the government 2,376 families, representing 12,029 persons, were established in the various colonies of Brazil.

A trimming table for drawings and blue prints, equipped with a motor driven revolving knife, is a Chicago man's invention.

Italy produces 10,000,000 gross of buttons of vegetable ivory each year. In its 14 factories are employes numbering 6,000.

To establish a network of connecting lines $21,000,000 is to be spent in Japan on the constaduction of narrow gauge railways.

Each of the 7,108,504 persons supplied with water by the New York water board during the last financial year used 31.8 gallons a day.

For extremely near-sighted persons spectacles have been invented in Germany in which the lenses are replaced by short telescopes.

Our kerosene exports to India have increased greatly of recent years and our fur imports from that section have bounded upward.

The per captita annual production of lumber in this country is now approximately 500 board feet and was probably a little greater in 1907.

One of the newest automobile horns can be made to produce three tones by moving the bulb that supplies it with aid to different angles.

Railway construction is advancing rapidly in China and Manchuria. New lines are being built by the Chinese without foreign aid in any form.

A profitable branch of the detective business in Austria is looking up the desirability of young men endeavoring to make marriage connections.

Best results are obtained from hose nozzles 6 to 10 times the hose diameter in length and with the opening one-third of the diameter of the hose.

On Prince Edward island about 25,000 muskrats, 500 minks, 1,000 red foxes and a few weasels are killed every year.

There are 2,208 industrial railroads in this country, most of which are operated in connection with industrial plants and do not accept outside business.

Greece is solicitous for trade with the United States. During the decade closed with 1910 it is estimated that 210,000 Greeks emigrated to the United States.

American business men allow a prejudice to be created against them in Europe by sending letters and catalogues to merchants without sufficient postage.

Of invaluable service to students of singing is said to be a machine invented by a Paris physician which records the vibrations of the voice on a photographic film.

According to official returns, the total emigration frim Ireland in 1910 was 32,923, an increase of 3,693 over 1909. Of the number, 18,113 were men and 14,810 women and girls.

A window refrigerator that a Washington (D. C.) man has patented, fits into the place of the lower sash, and can be lowered out of the way if obstructs the light.

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Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and I say cured, I mean just what I say — C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for a time, to return worse than before. Remember this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and curing in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not want all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured. I only ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY (enclosing a dime) I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than all or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to write me a chance to prove my claims. By return mail I will enjoy more real comfort writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort writing me today you had ever thought this world holds for you than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

J. E. Cassaday, 1449 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo. References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Price, if you do a better act than to send this free to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

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But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with

ABSORBINE JR.

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent Liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. W. F. Ecology, Becket, Mass. before using this, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, Knotted and hard. He writes: Using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past 2 years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1 a bottle at druggists or delivered. $2.00 Bottle, 8-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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GET WELL.

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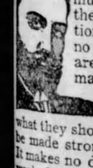

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LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves women of the longest, most obstinate, functional cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. V. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN In our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Sibbark Supply House, 48-50 Wabash Av., Chicago

Bribery in China.

Shanghai Mercury.

Censor Wen Pin has impeached H. E. Tsao Ju-lin for having received a bribe of $800,000 when he was in Manchuria in charge of diplomatic affairs. During a private dinner with a certain foreign minister his son, it is said, received a present of $10,000 in bank notes from the minister.

The Horse's Comment.

Buffalo Express.

The mule, being in a temper, kicked a few boards out of the side of the barn.

"One of those fresh air cranks," commented the horse to itself.

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We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a treatment for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for,

what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Startled, Wormout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Belched, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold Sinking Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pain in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels May be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Pimples, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

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NATION'S BIG MEN HONOR GIBBONS

Voices of America's Great Lifted at Golden Jubilee of Catholic Primate.

Baltimore, June 7.—James Cardinal Gibbons missed his afternoon walk yesterday.

For the first time in years, one of the very few times in the 25 years he has been prince of the Catholic church in the United States, he missed that afternoon stroll over the streets of Baltimore, where he listens to banker and beggar and takes to heart the troubles of "his people."

Instead of the walk that had become a feature of that part of the city in which he lived, the cardinal sat yesterday afternoon on the temporary stage at the Fifth regiment armory and listened to the great men of the nation speak in eulogy of his life. President Taft, Vice President Sherman, Chief Justice White, former President Roosevelt, Ambassador Bryce of Great Britain, Speaker Clark, Senator Root of New York, Governor Crothers of Maryland, former Speaker Cannon and Mayor Preston of Baltimore sat with the cardinal and all of them, except the chief justice, spoke in praise of him.

Nation's Great Ones There.

Among the 600 guests seated on the platform behind the President the cardinal and the other speakers were more than a score of senators and members of the house of representatives. Probably a more distinguished gathering was never held in this country outside of Washington, and the wheels of the government came pretty near to a stop while those who sit in charge over them paid honor to the cardinal. The armory holds 15,000 people, its builders say, and it was crowded to the doors.

Gets Remarkable Ovation.

The ovation to Mr. Roosevelt as he came up the steps with Chief Justice White was remarkable, but that which greeted the cardinal as he climbed the stairs with President Taft was far more remarkable. The cardinal wore the red robe, the skull cap of red and the deep green ring of office. Through all the speeches he sat smiling, every changing expression of his wrinkled and kindly face and his bright eyes attesting to the pleasure that this tribute afforded him. He smiled like a boy when President Taft introduced him to Mr. Roosevelt he laughed with glee when the chief justice shook his hand—and the ghost of a grin flickered over his face when Speaker Clark, mixing for a moment politics with religion, declared that he had been a potent force for good "among both Catholics and Republicans."

Following Governor Crothers, who presided, President Taft made the first speech. He said in part:

Taft Eulogizes Work.

"This assembly, I venture to say, can find few counterparts in history. We are met as American citizens to congratulate the American primate of one of the great churches of the world upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the highest office in the church but one, and upon the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the church as one of its priests. We are not here as members of any denomination. We are not here in any official capacity. But we are here to recognize and honor in him his high virtues as a patriotic member of our political community and one who through his long and useful life has spared no efforts in the cause of good citizenship and the uplifting of his fellow men.

"As American citizens we are proud that his prominence in the church brought him 25 years ago the rank of cardinal. The rarity with which this rank is conferred in his church upon bishops and priests so far from Rome is an indication of the position which he had won among his fellow churchmen. But what we are especially delighted to see confirmed in him and his life is the entire consistency which he has demonstrated between earnest and single minded patriotism and love of country on the one hand, and sincere devotion to his church upon the other. One of the tenets of his church is respect for constituted authority and always we have found him on the side of law and order; always in favor of peace and good will to all men; always in favor of religious tolerance, and always strong in the conviction that complete freedom in the matter of religion is the best condition under which churches may thrive."

Cheers for Roosevelt.

When Mr. Roosevelt arose the crowd cheered for half a minute, while Speaker Clark held the watch.

"While the American people may differ among themselves on questions of dogma," said he, "they are united on what counts more than dogma—conduct. We read now and then about people complaining that the churches are growing smaller and that they are losing their influence. But there will be no complaints in the future if that church makes as its cardinal principle the rendering of service to the people. No church will have to defend itself so long as those who are high in that church devote themselves to the people as you, Cardinal Gibbons, have devoted yourself to them.

"We will see presidents who are Catholics as well as presidents who are Protestants, and we will see presidents who are Jews as well as presidents who are Gentiles. It should be the aim of every man who is president so to carry himself toward his fellow Americans who are not of his religion, that some day when there is another President who is not of his religion, that men may treat him in that same fashion."

Reply of Cardinal Gibbons.

"I am filled with emotions of gratitude by this extraordinary manifestation on the part of my fellow citizens, without distinction of race or religion or condition of life, and I am overwhelmed with confusion by the unmerited encomiums which have been pronounced," the cardinal said.

"One merit only I can truly claim, and that is, an ardent love for my native country and her political institutions. Ever since I entered the sacred ministry my aim has been to make those over whom I exerted any influence, not only more upright Christians, but also more loyal citizens. For the most faithful Christian makes the best citizen.

Talks of Church and State.

"It is true indeed that there is no official union of church and state in this country. But we must not infer from this that there is any antagonism between the civil and religious authorities. Far from it, the church and state move on parallel lines. They mutually assist one another. The state holds over the spiritual rulers the aegis of its protection without interfering with the sacred and God given rights of conscience. And the church on her part helps to enforce laws by moral and religious sanctions.

"It is the duty of us all, churchmen and laymen, to hold up the hands of our president, as Aaron and Hur stayed up the hands of Moses.

"Let us remember that our chief executive and all subordinate magistrates are the accredited agents and ministers of God and are clothed with divine authority, and therefore it is our duty and should be our delight to aid them by every means in our power in guiding and controlling the destiny of our glorious republic."

ROOSEVELT DENIES PACT

Colonel's Friends Glad He Has Not Pledged Support to Taft.

Washington, June 8.—By his denial of the report that he had pledged himself to any one for the presidential nomination next year, Theodore Roosevelt threw a bombshell in political circles in Washington.

The denial is regretted by the friends and adherents of President Taft, because they had made no secret of their hope and belief that the former President would actively support his successor for renomination. It was hailed with jubilation by the progressives, who have boldly stated they will endeavor to block Mr. Taft's aspirations.

Affects Progressives.

It was believed by the former that Roosevelt's support would prevent the development of any opposition of consequence to the President's selection again as the standard bearer of the Republican party. It was realized by the progressives that should the colonel espouse Mr. Taft's cause, they would not be able to make much headway in their fight.

It was difficult for those who saw the President and Col. Roosevelt together yesterday to believe that in the space of ten minutes, the period of their conference, any agreement of importance could have been made. Although the colonel and his successor have been in occasional correspondence, it is said they have not discussed the question of the campaign of 1912.

Chagrins Taft's Supporters.

There is no doubt the prompt denial of the report by Roosevelt caused considerable chagrin among the friends of Mr. Taft. They had believed the former president would pay no attention to the publication, whatever he might think privately. Roosevelt probably assumed that the report was inspired, not by Mr. Taft, but by misguided friends, for the purpose of putting him in a position which might be embarrassing in the future more to the President than to himself.

I will be recalled that one of the especially difficult charges to answer during the last campaign was that Mr. Taft was being put in the White House by Roosevelt. If the colonel were to get behind Mr. Taft again this charge would be reiterated. It might be said the colonel was again seeking to make a president and Mr. Taft would be embarrassed in consequence.

TAFT, TOO, OUT WITH DENIAL OF SUPPORT PACT

Washington, June 8.—It is denied at the White House that the story of the reconciliation between former President Roosevelt and President Taft and the declaration of Colonel Roosevelt that he would support Mr. Taft for renomination had its genesis at the White House. That the President and Colonel Roosevelt are still warm friends was reaffirmed, but the report of a new political alliance between them was scouted.

The story germinated a week ago. At that time it was reported that Secretary of the Navy Meyer had visited Coonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay; that he had gone to the home of the former president in the President's yacht, the Sylph, and had arranged for a meeting of President Taft and Mr. Roosevelt in Baltimore Tuesday.

AWAKENS FROM LONG SLEEP

Girl May Recover After Being in Trance Seven Weeks.

Vandalia, Ill., June 8.—Miss Hazel Schmidt is showing signs of coming out of her long sleep, which began seven weeks ago. She asked for something to eat.

HAITIAN REVOLT SPREADING

Port-a-Paix in Arms Awaiting Trouble From Gen. St. Just.

Port-a-Paix, Haiti, June 8.—The revolutionary movement directed by General Saint Just has become more threatening. This city is up in arms, awaiting eventualities. Local sentiment is divided.

ROOSEVELT FOR TAFT

Colonel Sends Word to the White House That He Will Not Run in 1912.

Washington, June 7.—President Taft in his candidacy for the presidential nomination in 1912 will receive the unqualified indorsement of former President Theodore Roosevelt, which will be uttered just as cordially as it was prior to the campaign of 1908.

This is the best political news Mr. Taft has received in many months and it comes to him in a manner that leaves no doubt as to its authenticity. The information that Col. Roosevelt, under no circumstances, will allow his own name to be presented to the Republican national convention was conveyed to the White House several days ago, but it did not become known until last night.

Their First Meeting.

That Col. Roosevelt feels that the Taft administration should be continued was brought out partly as the result of a cordial greeting between the two men at the Cardinal Gibbons jubilee in Baltimore. The President met Mr. Roosevelt in the basement of the armory of the Fifth Maryland regiment of infantry. The meeting lasted ten minutes. It was the first meeting of the men in public since President Taft was inaugurated.

"Hello, Theodore," said President Taft as he stepped into the room followed by Secretary Hilles and with arms outstretched walked toward Col. Roosevelt.

"Hello, Mr. President," Col. Roosevelt said and moving forward with arms extended, he met the President.

The light of old comradeship shone in their eyes as they drew near and a broad smile of friendship wreathed the faces of each. Both men traversed about the same distance. Their hands met, and then began such a shaking of hands as is seen only between firm and true friends. All the time they were shaking hands they were looking into each other's faces and grinning like school boys. Then affectionately, each laid a hnd on the other's shoulder and they began a converstion which lasted ten minutes. In that while there was no interruption. Secretary Hilles, standing several feet in the rear of the two men, never moved. Maj. Archie Butt, aid to President Taft and who filled the same position with the former president, guarded the door of the room.

Politics Not Discussed.

President Taft in sincere tones inquired after the health of Mrs. Roosevelt. The colonel in tones equally as sincere inquired after the health of Mrs. Taft. And then the two men talked. Politics was not discussed. The political conference was postponed until June 20, when Col. Roosevelt will visit the President here as a guest at the President's and Mrs. Taft's wedding anniversary celebration.

CHINAMAN SHOOTS TEACHER

Mongolian Says She Caused Him "Mental Torture."

Bangor, Maine, June 9.—An alleged confession that he had shot Miss Christine Shaw at Orono last night was made today by T. S. Linn, the Chinese student at the University of Maine, arrested immediately after four revolver shots, one of which took effect, had been fired at the young woman on an Orono street. At the hospital in this city to which she was taken, it was stated today that she would probably recover.

Linn is alleged to have told the sheriff in the presence of several newspaper men that he shot Miss Shaw because she caused him "mental torture." He said he had known Miss Shaw, who is a graduate of the University of Maine, and a teacher in the Orono high school for four years, and two years ago asked her to marry him. She refused, but they had been on friendly terms since that time. Miss Shaw had done much to assist Linn in his work at the university, and from his statement today it was evident, the sheriff said, that he had misinterpreted her kindness.

HAS $4,500,000 ON HIS LIFE

Rodman Wanamaker Takes Out New Policy for Million.

Philadelphia, June 9.—Although he already possessed the unique distinction of being the most heavily insured person in all the world, Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker, has added another $1,000,000 to his list of life policies.

When death removes the noted merchant there will accrue to his family from life insurance alone the enormous sum of $4,500,000.

This amount is greater than the insurance of any other person in the world, including the crowned heads of Europe and the far east. There are a number of men who are insured for a million, but none who approach the security held by Mr. Wanamaker.

PUTS LIFE IN COLD STORAGE

Scientist Returns Fish to Activity After Freezing Them.

Geneva, June 8.—Some interesting experiments on the possibility of suspending life for a definite period have been carried out by Prof. Raoul Pictet. In one case he froze live gold fish in water to 20 degrees Centigrade below zero, and three months later gradually melted the ice and brought the fish back to life.

Pictet says he carried out the experiments in order to see whether the phenomena of life could be made to disappear and be again restored, and the most convincing results were obtained with fresh water fish.

NEW HEAD FOR WELLESLEY

Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton Is Designated as President.

Wellesley, Mass., June 10.—Announcement that Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, dean and acting president of Wellesley college, had been chosen president of the college by the trustees was made at chapel services today. Miss Pendleton graduated from Wellesley in 1886.

LAUGHS HIMSELF TO DEATH

Artist Dies in Street Car at Friend's Joke.

Salem, Mass., June 7.—Frank Paine, the well-known artist, died of heart disease today in a street car. The attack was brought on by hearty laughter at a story told by a friend who was sitting beside Mr. Paine.

MARRIAGE SUIT IN STOKES SHOOTING

Miss Conrad Had Threatened Breach of Promise Action Against Millionaire

New York, June 9.—Prosecution of the two women who shot W. E. D. Stokes, the aged millionaire proprietor of the Hotel Ansonia, will begin as soon as Mr. Stokes' condition enables him to appear against them. His attorney reiterated this statement today in reply to rumors that the case might be droppted.

At the hospital Mr. Stokes was reported as improving. It will be several days, however, before he is past the danger of blood poisoning. Meanwhile the women accused, Miss Lillian Graham and Miss Ethel Conrad, will be held to await examination.

At present the police are somewhat at sea owing to the conflicting stories told by the principals in Wednesday night's shooting. Each young woman insists that she alone fired the shots that struck Stokes. Miss Conrad says that the wounded man came to their apartments looking only for her. Miss Graham says that she had engaged a lawyer several days before to sue the millionaire for defamation of character.

Developments in the affair, which in many respects rivals the Thaw case in dramatic interest, come thick and fast.

Will Sue Stokes.

Three legal actions will probably result from the affair. Miss Graham said yesterday she intends suing Stokes through Martin W. Littleton, whom she has retained for that purpose, for defamation of character. The two girls are held at present on a charge of attempted murder. The three Japanese servants who are held as material witnesses of the events immediately following the shooting and who were accused by Stokes of having struck him, added a serio-comic aspect to the case by threatening to sue the hotel proprietor for false arrest and imprisonment.

The explanation made in Mr. otSkes' behalf was amplified by Police Inspector Russell. He said Mr. Stokes had told detectives that Miss Graham called on him at the Hotel Ansonia a week ago and demanded $500 for some letters. When Mr. Stokes replied that he would not pay a nickel for the letters, it is alleged, she drew a phial from her pocket and declared she would kill herself. Mr. Stokes, however, wrenched the bottle from her.

Stories Different.

Ethel Conrad's statement differs so materially from that of the millionaire as to leave the entire affair still shrouded in mystery. She makes it appear that Mr. Stokes had been pursuing her with unwelcome attentions, but she backs up Miss Graham in declaring he came to their apartment to recover letters he had written Miss Graham and upon which she threatened to bring a breach of promiss action against him.

The original allegation that $25,000 had been demanded for the letters was positively denied by Miss Graham, who declared that there was no question or mention of money at all.

CARRIE NATION IS DEAD

Long Illness Fatal to Noted Saloon Smasher.

Leavenworth, Kan., June 10.—Mrs. Carrie Nation, 66 years old, the saloon wrecker, died at 7 o'clock last night in a sanitarium here of paresis.

She first came to the sanitarium January 22, suffering from nervous trouble, brought on by worry over a lawsuit to recover money for lectures which she gave under the management of an Eastern syndicate.

Her death had been expected since she passed into a comatose state soon after 12:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Only the house surgeon and the head nurse were at the bedside when Mrs. Nation died.

No last word or message came from the lips of the woman who startled her state and nation with her militant struggle for prohibition. She often had said she had given up her fight and wanted simply to rest.

During her career Mrs. Nation wrecked hundreds of saloons, using a hatchet, which became as well known as she. She was absolutely without fear, invading saloons, demolishing mirrors and furniture and assailing bartenders and proprietors without regard for her own safety.

She had many narrow escapes from injury and was roughly handled on many occasions.

So great is the extent of her fame that down in the heart of the Panamanian wilderness, there is a wayside native saloon, with the rough sign conspicuously displayed:

"All Nations Welcome Except Carrie!"

Mrs. Nation of recent years had given particular attention to the cigaret evil in addition to her saloon raids, and she seldom visited a city where she did not attract attention in this direction. It is even related that in a certain Southern town, she walked boldly into police headquarters and denounced the members of the force in no unmeasured words for indulging in the "pernicious tobacco habit."

She is said to have earned more than $200,000 from her lectures and the sale of souvenir hatchets, but her money went in aiding friends.

MRS. GOULD'S MOTHER DIES

Mrs. Mary Kingdon Expires in Paris After Long Illness.

New York, June 10.—Private cablegrams received in this city today announce the death of Mrs. Mary Kingdon, mother of Mrs. George Gould, in Paris last night.

Mrs. Kingdon had been in bad health for the past two or three years and her daughter had taken her to specialists all over the world in efforts to prolong her life.

Mrs. Gould and most of her children were with Mrs. Kingdon when she died.

WOMAN STARTS $250,000 SUIT

Hamilton, June 10.—Mrs. Jennie Smithson Hooven yesterday brought suit against Fred Gordon, Sr., and Fred Gordon, Jr., executors of the estate of the late Col. Alexander Gordon, on a verbal contract for the maintenance and caring for Col. Gordon during the last 15 years of his life in this city.

LAYS RUIN TO STOKES

Show Girl, Charged With Shooting Millionaire, Tells Story.

New York, June 10.—Lillian Graham, the beautiful show girl who, with her companion Ethel Conrad, is held by the police charged with attempting the life of W. E. D. Stokes, in a formal statement revealed for the first time the inside story of her former friendship with the millionaire.

Physicians at the Roosevelt hospital yesterday announced that Mr. Stokes is recovering rapidly and barring unexpected complications will be able to leave the hospital early next week. Here is Miss Graham's statement:

"I want the public to know that my life was wrecked by W. E. D. Stokes. He is a very wicked man. While I never wanted to kill him, the world would be much better off without him. When he came to our apartment Wednesday afternoon I demanded that he retract the vile stories he circulated about my mother and myself. I had visited him at the Ansonia on previous occasions with a similar demand. His answer was a refusal and he put me out of his office with his accustomed brutality.

In Need of Money.

"I was in great need of money and when I went to him for financial assistance he gave me a pittance. There was no one else to whom I could turn and I sent Ethel to plead with him. Instead of granting my request he told her falsehoods about me.

"I made up my mind that he should retract these stories.

"When Mr. Stokes arrived Ethel and I were getting supper. I was frightened to see him. Mr. Stokes thought Ethel was alone—in fact I am sure he had come to see her alone. He blurted out that he had come to get the letters he had written me, but I knew he was lying. He didn't care 5 cents for the letters. He is not the letter writing kind. He simply made that an excuse when he found that Ethel was not alone.

Wild With Rage.

"When he saw me he seemed wild with rage. I was frightened, but I got up courage and demanded that he write out a retraction of all the slanderous statements he had made about me. I had the revolver in my hand, but before I knew it he was at my throat. I was helpless for a moment, but squirming about, I partly freed myself from his grasp and to frighten him began firing at the floor. I am sure none of these shots struck Mr. Stokes. He secured the revolver and I screamed and Ethel, poor girl, thought I was being killed. His back was toward her and she fired blindly. Three bullets hit him, but I am sure that he was not badly hurt. At least I hope so.

"I have made this statement freely. There was nothing in my life to hide until I met Mr. Stokes."

Is Backed By Friends.

Ethel Conrad is prepared to substantiate this account of the shooting. Other developments made it certain that the young woman, who seemed practically friendless, will not lack influential backing providing Mr. Stokes adheres to his oft expressed determination to press the charge. Mrs. John Singleton, wife of the wealthy Los Angeles mine owner, and Mrs. Alice Andrews, sisters of Miss Graham are now active in the case, Mrs. Andrews is now en route from San Francisco and is expected to arrive Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nagle, stepfather and mother of Miss Conrad had a long conference with Attorney Herman Phillips after which it was announced that any amount of bail demanded for the release of the Conrad girl will be forthcoming.

BRYAN'S DAUGHTER A BRIDE

Grace Dexter Bryan Married to R. L. Hargreaves.

Lincoln, Neb., June 8.—Miss Grace Dexter Bryan, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bryan, and Richard Lewis Hargreaves, a young business man of Lincoln, were married last night at 8 o'clock at Fairview, the Bryan suburban home, before a company of nearly a hundred relatives and friends of the two families. A reception which followed the ceremony was attended by several hundred Lincoln and out of town guests.

Interest in the wedding was not confined alone to the prominence of the bride's father, but to the fact that it was a genuine love match between a young man and girl born and reared in Lincoln, who have been recognized as social favorites.

Miss Bryan was given away by her father. Her gown was of white satin, with an embroidery design of roses and lilies of the valley. She wore a long train and veil. A diamond crescent, an heirloom of the Hargreaves family, was the only jewel. The bridesmaids were gowned in pale lavender.

BIG SHIPYARD FOR CANADA

Company With $10,000,000 Capital Locates at Sidney, N. S.

London, June 10.—Grant Hugh Brown, of New York and Toronto, has organized the "British-Canadian Shipbuilding and Dock Co.," with a capital of $10,000,000, all of which has been subscribed.

Sir Henry Pellat, of Toronto, is chairman. The board of directors includes Lieut. Gov. Gibson, of Ontario, and Sir Charles Ellis, chairman of the John Brown Co., of Clydebank, builders of the Lusitania. The site of the new shipbuilding yards, docks and shops is to be at Sidney, Nova Scotia, where over 300 acres of land have been bought.

Sir Henry Pellat's great desire is to see the fastest mail line between Canada and Great Britain and get the contract for carrying the mail, and hopes to construct three vessels of the improved Mauretania-Lusitania type, able to go 26 knots.

Under agreements between Canada and Nova Scotia the Sidney company will receive an annual subsidy of $170,000 for 35 years. The ship yards will have eleven building slips, eight of which will be able to take the biggest dreadnought. The dry dock will be 1,040 feet long by 110 wide. The plant as planned will be one of the largest in the world. It is estimated the plant will cost $6,000,000.

WIDOW OF GEN. WALLACE DEAD

Formerly National President of Woman's Relief Corps.

Chicago, June 8.—Mrs. Emma R. Wallace, widow of Gen. M. R. M. Wallace, and formerly national president of the Women's Relief corps, died yesterday. She was born in Lamoille, Ill., in 1841.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this mags 1se absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

YOUR PICTURE in a beautiful enlarging glass frame, sent prepaid for $1. Chas. R. Bland, Walkersville, W. Va.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

LADIES AND GENTS, Secret Alphabet and Language can be learned in one day. Send 25 cents and get it. Agents and teachers can make big money. Write and get terms. L. Haddon, Haddonfield, Va.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

This Page Is Read In

A Quarter Million Homes

From Maine to California Every Week.

For the small sum of THREE DOLLARS you can reach all of them with a five-line advertisement, this size:

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

By using the MAIL ORDER MARKET of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, your announcement will be delivered right into the HOME. Here is a chance to tell the young man of your plan, a new way for him to go into business for himself. The father of the family may be considering the sale of a portion of his land holdings. The old farm may be on the market. A chance to buy, sell or trade would have an interested audience among the readers of the

MAIL ORDER MARKET

A new business can be started in these columns. You won't need a large capital to start with, as there are over a MILLION readers of the Weekly Blade every week. This makes it possible to avoid the expense of salesmen. The MAIL ORDER MARKET is your salesmen. Just think, a FIVE-LINE advertisement would cost you only $3.00. The circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE is now OVER 225,000—figuring an average of five to a family, your adv. will be placed before a million readers. A letter to all these people would cost (even if you used 1c postage) $10,000.00. This is how advertising is a paying business.

Fill out the coupon be

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

GILBERT, FUNMAKER, MADE WHOLE CONTINENTS LAUGH

William Schwenck Gilbert, the most famous English humorist of his time, who was drowned May 29 at Harrow, England, was born on November 18, 1836, at 17 Southampton street, Strand, London. He was educated at Great Ealing in a private school and King's College. He meant to go to Oxford. As it happened that the Crimean War was then at its height and commissions were thrown open to competitive examination he went in for one of them. He took his B. A. degree at the University of London and gave up all idea of Oxford.

The war then came to a sudden end and the youthful Gilbert in 1857 took his examinations successfully for a clerkship in the Privy Council office instead of the artillery. For four years he was miserable there until the acquisition of a small legacy enabled him to set himself up as a barrister. The first writing he did was the translation of a song for Mme. Parepa Rosa, which was published on a concert program. This was in 1858.

In 1861 Fun was founded by H. J. Byron and Gilbert hesitatingly contributed a drawing and a humorous article. He was astonished at the success of the work, which brought him the invitation to become a regular member of the staff. He continued to contribute to this and other periodicals while still practising law. His earnings from his pen soon became so much greater than the returns from his legal practice, however, that he abandoned the law.

Gilbert was a dramatic critic mong other things and came in contact with the people of the theatre. Both Tom Taylor and Tom Robertson believed that he had the makings of a playwright in him and finally the opportunity to exhibit his talent in this direcion came. Roberston had been asked by Miss Herbert, who then managed the St. James' Theatre, if he knew of any one who could write for her a Christmas burlesque in two weeks. Robertson expressed his belief that Gilbert was the man and Miss Herbert gave him the commission.

In those days burlesques on the successful operas were popular and Gilbert selected Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" as the material for his attack. He called his piece "Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack," which is enough in itself to show what the evolution of his humor was from its original British form.

The piece was written in ten days and rehearsed in less than a week. It served its purpose and the author received $150 for his services. He followed it with a burlesque on Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment," called "La Vivandiere," with John Toole in the principal role. After this came the "Merry Zingara," a less successful burlesque on the "Bohemian Girl,' which some now consider almost a burlesque in itself. Both of these pieces ran 120 nights and the author's reputation in this field became so well established that he was invited to write the piece that opened the New Gaiety Theatre. This time he selected "Robert the Devil" and made his burlesque from that.

In spite of his success as a dramatist the greatest fame for Gilbert came from the comic operas which he wrote in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan. The first of these was a burlesque called Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old, and it was acted for 80 nights at the Gaiety theatre, although it was written in three weeks and was not praised even by its author. Then come Trial by Jury. This was followed by The Sorcerer, which was given at the opera Comique. H. M. S. Pinafore was the fourth of the works in this fortunate collaboration and the first overwhelming success. The appearance of Pinafore marked an epoch in comic opera in English. Then followed The Pirates of Penzance, Patience, transferred later to the Savoy theatre, built by D

HOUSEHOLD. THE PEACE PAGE. HOUSEHOLD.

ELIZABETH AYRES EDITOR

THE BLADE BOOK

READ this and profit by its teaching.

Entered in The Blade Book, this fifteenth day of June, 1911, are the following extracts taken from the sermon delivered by the REVEREND JOHN T. O'CONNELL, pastor of St. Francis de Sales church in Toledo Saturday afternoon, June third, at the regular monthly meeting of the Juvenile Court association. The paper was published in full in the Times for Monday, June fifth. The Times is Toledo's morning paper.

For the information of those who may not chance to understand the work and meaning of the juvenile court, it is explained that it is a governmental institution, with which every progressive city government is provided. Originally, its object was to separate the infant class from the graduates of the criminal school. To make this possible, juvenile homes have been established in connection with the work. In these homes, instead of in public jails, the boys and girls who, out of their ignorance—the ignorance of the laws not made by man; the ignorance from which all crime springs, are detained until their cases may be heard by the court and arrangements made, not for their punishment, but for their future welfare, by endeavoring to place them under influences which shall lead to their awakening to better knowledge. Its whole aim is to save the child from a life of crime and the conservation of the child to himself, to his parents and to the state. In this connection a special court session is held in Toledo every Saturday morning.

The work of these courts is a work whose vastness and importance was scarcely realized when it was started. It is a work which makes the men and women who enter it more human, and yet more divine.

In the many letters which come to me, written by the fathers and mothers numbered with the host of Weekly Blade readers, I read more often than you, my people, have any idea of: "I am so interested in the letters telling about the training of children." The many letters written on this subject show that you lovers of your children are trying to do your best and are seeking to learn how you may do better, and so I have taken from Father O'Connell's sermon those portions which will appeal most to you home folks, you foundation people, and will apply to conditions in small towns and country. Read them carefully, and many times over, so that you may fully absorb their meaning and profit by their teaching. The extracts follow:

"An immediate cause of waywardness is the ill-regulated home. It may be said that not a case of youthful depravity or delinquency is brought before this court, for which parents are not proximately or remotely to blame. It is not to be understood thereby that the parents of all erring boys and girls are themselves to be classed among even the less vicious; good men and women are not infrequently the fathers and mothers of unruly and undutiable children.

"We are all too familiar with the doting father and the vain mother who have not the heart to correct nor the mind to know the things, innocent in themselves, that need but little encouragement to grow into pronounced and willful disorders. Sometimes the inconsistent regulations of one parent or the contradictory precepts of both, the careless example shrewdly put down in the tablets of the child's memory, the thoughtless speech that burns into the young soul. Chidings that depend upon a parent's humor rather than upon a fixed principle, resentment at the suggestion of a fault in the child, of the presence of which the parents are fully aware, a species of deception in ordinary dealings that is systematic in its constancy, a perhaps unintentional development of vanity or excessive yielding to children in their uncontrollable desire for amusement, a manifest distaste for the home associations and an endless craving and seeking for the excitement and pleasure to be obtained elsewhere—are a few of the difficulties against rectitude that confront the youth of our day. And if these things are done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry?

"It is a sad fact that every advance in material civilization is marked by an attack on some stronghold of morality; and that, not because inventions down to our day of aerial navigation need, of necessity, work injury to the soul, but because selfishness and sin are ever on the alert to use every new device for the multiplication of opportunities that will bring gain and gratification. All at once, by various modes of rapid transit, the country is hurled into the city, country life in its old meaning is a thing of the past, and its once picturesque people form no small part of that seething crowd that has for its own the socialistic mob-cry of the old Romans: 'Panem et Circenses,' food and pleasure—'eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.'

"The tawdry appearance of the dime and nickel show has allured our children to petty thievery and to a familiarity with street conditions that is not conductive to a sense of delicacy nor to a home spirit that is often a saving grace. The places where men might escape the grime of the city and be free from the confusion of its noises have been turned into the scenes of orgy and wanton revelry. And all these phases of city disorders have been made so familiar to the young that only a persistent watchfulness and kind but firm restraint can save the youth from excesses in which they know amusement places abound."

"Parents proximately or remotely to blame."

When a child comes into the world it is confronted with as many difficulties as the parents from which it came. You talk of how to train your children, but seldom of how to train yourselves. You know what you would have your children be. Are you that yourselves?

EXAMPLE IS STRONGER THAN PRECEPT.

Children's eyes are sharp. Their hearing is keen. They understand and see far more than their elders think they do. I say this from the memory of my own childhood. I understood many things which did not appear on the surface, which were not told to me. Children ask many questions, but they do not tell all they know.

Train yourselves, and your children will need less training. Make of your homes the happiest and the loveliest places your children know, and they will not get poisoned by the bitter fruit from the tree of evil knowledge.

Train yourselves well. Keep your temper and your speech and the habits of your life in good order. If you do this, you will not need to worry about the training of your children.

"Country life in its old meaning is a thing of the past."

I know that old-fashioned country life still exists in this broad land. Glimpses of it come to me through the letters written to this page by men, women and children. They come from the hills of West Virginia, from the mountains of East Tennessee, from North Carolina, from Georgia, from Virginia, from the New England states, from the middle states, from the land beyond the Rockies, and even from far-away Alaska.

Country life, in its old meaning, is still in existence. You tillers of the soil who call yourselves old-fashioned, preserve your fashion. We need many of your kind. From you shall come the salvation and peace of this country.

Sometime I shall tell you about the Juvenile Home of Toledo. It is presided over by two old-fashioned women—Mrs. Mary Castle, superintendent, and Josephine, matron. I do not know Josephine's last name, though I know her well. For me it is enough that she is —Josephine.

Mrs. Castle, old-fashioned home woman, it is she who, with the wayward children, has the patience which passeth all understanding.

Watch yourselves closely, you who have children in your keeping. Let your light so shine that its radiance shall dim the glitter which bedizens evil. Then shall neither you nor yours be forced to journey through the valley of the shadows.

May you read exceeding well what Father O'Connell has written and spoken. From his words has come this I have written.—Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "Folks that won't stand on their own feet should be made to. H'ist 'em out. Pups an' boys swim when they're pitched into the water, an' it stands to reason that h'istin' is a good way to learn some folks swimmin'."

You are a disturber of the peace; you are a leech and a pest, if you try to make others bear your burdens. Stand on your own feet. That is what feet are made for.

Stylish clothes don't amount to a row of pins beside clean ones.

Gentle-mannered and gentle-spoken people are the most determined ones when they get their backs to the wall, but they do not back up to the wall until forced to for self-protection.

It is a heap of satisfaction to swat a fly, but it is fiendish glee to swat a mosquito.

Well, what if the weather is hot? You cannot make it cooler by fuming and fretting. It takes all kinds of weather to make all kinds of crops.

It is never wise to judge from appearances or to jump at conclusions. Wait awhile and give yourself time to think some more, yet.

Your mind is one thing that no one else may take from you, if you have sense enough to own it.

A saying long current is, that the brainworker is the poorest paid of all workers. If this is true, it is because the brainworker lies down and lets brute force walk over him. You who have brains, that is real ones, do something worth while, then you may choose your job.

Don't forget that Sunday, June 18, is FATHER'S DAY. Wear a white rose if father lives only in memory. Wear a red one, or pin one on father if he is still near.

Well, here's hoping.

The Cozy Corner

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health happiness and
Good cheer.

THE ORANGE INDUSTRY

Dear Cozy Corner Friends—Will you let a Wolfe, of the harmless variety, in for a little while? My father has taken The Blade as long as I remember. He is a native of Ohio and says he gets more real enjoyment reading The Blade than any other of the numerous papers and magazines he is now taking.

I have never seen a letter from this part of California, the land of sunshine, fruit, flowers and yellow oranges. We are situated in the beautiful Pomona valley, about 35 miles east of Los Angeles. Just now the orange packing is in full blast. There are three packing houses in Lordsburg. My husband is employed in the largest one of them.

It is a nice sight for an easterner to visit them and see the process of packing oranges, from the time they are hauled to the door by the ranchers. A man receives them, piling the boxes about eight boxes high. They are then put through the washing machine, set on the grader, box by box, graded, weighed by an automatic weighing machine, packed by girls, who receive 3 or 4 cents per box, pressed, nailed up, labeled and, lastly, loaded in the cars.

The box making machine is installed in all the modern houses. It is interesting to watch it nail the boxes on one side, turn them over and nail the other side.

My husband takes The Blade now, and we enjoy the Peace Page so much, the letters especially. We are young people, working hard, trying to buy a little home. We have a dear little blue-eyed boy, 7 months old. We think there was never another one half so sweet.

Well, my letter is too lengthy now, but it seems as if I knew you all and I can hardly stop talking. With best wishes to all.—Oka Belle Wolfe, Lordsburg, Cal.

SHE'S A MERRY ONE

Oh, I am the merry wife of a farmer, with heart both light and free. Should I not be merry and happy, when I am still enjoying my honeymoon? "To be sure," as the old fellow in the Hoosier Schoolmaster says.

I have been married almost three years. My husband says I am the best wife he ever had, (also the first.)

We live in three rooms at his parents' home, but I have no place for chickens or anything of that sort. Oh, you people who think country or farm life is "dry," I pity you; I certainly do. I like very much to salt the calves and gather the eggs. I like to go riding, too, but better than anything else, I like to walk. Here where I live, it is quite hilly, and I love to roam around through the gullies. My husband and I sit in the woods on Sunday afternoons and watch the birds. I go to the barn every night when the men milk. I know every cow by name. We have a new calf, and my husband calls it "Decoration." You ought to see our two kittens. We call them "Spike" and "Pieface." Spike got his eye blacked in a fight the other day.

I have been waiting until last to tell where I live. You may not believe it, but it is in Bath. Bath, that great city in the northwestern part of the Buckeye state.

I suppose Elizabeth will put this in the "waiting" basket. The one that is waiting for the janitor to carry it down to the basement to start fire with. Well, I hope it makes a good fire.—My name is Ruth, or, as my husband calls me, Samanthy Ellinger, Ohio.

Your closing remarks look to me as if you are trying to start something, but it will not be a fire. They are out for the season.—Elizabeth.

HER BOOK

Dear Blade Readers—Lo, these many years, I have sat back in the corner, silently consuming all the good things this page had in store, longing to become a member, but without the courage to ask for admittance. Today I have become so enthusiastic over the Blade book that I just had to "speak out in meeting" and tell you what I am doing. We watch anxiously for The Blade. As soon as we have read it I begin clipping for my book. Have taken a year book and removed every fifth leaf. Then I illustrated a title page and took David R. Locke's portrait for a frontispiece. I paste the chapters in rotation; the other clippings I arrange to suit my fancy.

Will be pleased to hear from others about this. If I was not afraid of making my letter too long, I would give you a description of this little town, up here in northern Minnesota, surrounded by pine forests, lakes and rivers. I will sign the name I am called here.—Grandma, Willow River.

Come on with your description. We shall be glad to have it. None need be afraid to come to the Peace Page, unless he comes with war.—Elizabeth.

Another Bird Story

THERE were two little wrens flying in my porch with some sticks. I wondered where they were going. There was a strawberry crate sitting on the porch, and they were building in it. Mrs. Wren finished her nest and laid six eggs and was sitting on them. One night an old cat caught her and that was the end of her. Mr. Wren sang around here so lonely I could not keep from studying about it.

This spring the wrens are building in the smokehouse and I hope the old cat will not find them, for I think they are so pretty.—Ollie Statyon, Lenoir, Tennessee.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

SISTER GIRLS

Dear M. G. R.'s—This is a rainy morning in June and as we were looking over some Toledo Blades that mother had sent to us, we decided we would write to the M. G. R.'s

We are two college girls far from home and such a gloomy morning makes us a little bit homesick although mother writes 'not to be homesick as it is such an unpleasant feeling,' and it certainly is—but only two more weeks and we shall be at home. I wonder why we are always glad to go away to school and then always glad to go home?

We are at the Michigan State Normal college. My sister Hope is taking English and History and I am studying Music. I wonder if any of the boys or girls can sympathize with me, as I do not like to practice. Is there anyone who likes manual or physical training? I am greatly interested in both. I have arts and crafts and we learned pottery making and copper and brass work. We hope our invitation will not be too late, but if some of you girls (and you may bring your "best beaux") will drop in some evening before school is out, we will give you a "spread" that you will remember. Of course, it is not very nice to tell company when to depart, but you know "all in and all out at 10 o'clock."

Between you and I and the hitching post, that is, between us girls—who likes to embroider? We are just finishing some marquisette waists, one is embroidered with light blue floss and the other one with coral floss and beads.

Well, this morning, when it was raining, Hope said, "if it starts before seven, it will stop before eleven." Sure enough, the sun is shining brightly and it is 10 o'clock and we feel much better.

We will close with this little verse:

Schmile und der worldt schmiles mit you;
Laugh und der worldt will roar;
Howl, und der worldt will leave you,
Uud never come back eny more.
Not all of you could hafe been handsome,
Not all of you hafe good clothes.
But a schmile is not egspensive,
Unt it covers a worldt of voes.
—Hope and Mildred, Michigan.

"PRESERVED SEATS"

Dear Elizabeth and All Ye Merry-Go-Rounds—I am not aware whether you have any "preserved" seats on this Merry-Go-Round or not, but I'll be content to just brush off my dress and sit down on the floor, if you will stop and let me on awhile, for I want to hear you all talk and "nib" in once in awhile myself. Maybe you are all wondering who I am, as I have changed a little since last I wrote. By the way, I have grown a wee bit taller, also a wee bit older. I am Chrysanthemum of West Virginia. Hey? I thought I heard someone say, "You're out of season." But I am not, am I, Elizabeth?

I think the dear old Household page is as interesting as ever. We missed taking The Blade for a year, but I kept in touch with it just the same.

Since I last visited you, I have became a "schoolmarm," or rather I am entitled to become one, as I hold a teacher's certificate, but I have never taught, except in the capacity of substitute for a few days. I know I shall like teaching, especially instructing little ones. I think it is one of the most interesting things to watch a little child's mind expand into the broad field of knowledge.

I am very much interested in those nature talks, but as my knowledge is so limited on the subject, I will not attempt to express myself. I do not think there is anything that brings us so near to God and each other, as to study the nature of His handiwork.

Oh, yes, I must tell you I laughed at "The Old Jigger from Up the Crick's" letter till I nearly made myself sick. I cannot say whose letters I like best, for they are all "just foine."

Has Olive Branch got the toothache, or mumps, maybe? She has not spoken for a l-o-n-g time.

Elizabeth, come out and help me keep house. Mamma is away, and I was left home to cook—and I'll tell you I'm some cook. I made a custard Sunday—no, I mean I tried to make one—and it was a complete failure. Instead of rising, that custard went to a mere nothing. It was not my fault, I have too much confidence in my ability to cook to think that. If I do fall low in the custard line, I take the lead in making biscuits. I admit they are a little hard sometimes, but when they are, they serve for two purposes. Those we do not eat, we lend to the neighbors boys for "ankers" when they go fishing.

Dear me, I guess I'll get off. Someone called "tickets for the next ride" and I have none.

If this escapes the ——, now, Elizabeth, I was not going to say the wastebasket, 'deed I wasn't; didn't even think about it, for that thing so many people call the wastebasket is nothing but a poor, harmless "waiting" basket.

The real old wastebasket met its fate years ago in our school room, when it was used for kindling wood. It is a thing of the past and I am glad, for we should all strive to make our writings so beneficial and uplifting, that they will find lodgements in a more public place.

I was just going to say I would come again some time and I will, too, if there is any one who wishes another "gab" from Chysanthemum, West Virginia

Thank you, my dear, for believing in the waiting baskets. They are real things. Come again.—Elizabeth.

FROM SARP

Hello, M. G. R.'s!

I do not suppose you have time for another passenger, so I will jump on head first. I would like nothing better than to join your happy band, unless it would be a pumpkin pie. I live in a picturesque little valley, among the mountains of Pennsylvanit, near Kettle Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna. This is a very pretty place in the spring and summer time, when the trees are all in bloom.

I would like to receive letters from the M. G. R.'s, especially those living in the west, so I may have descriptions of that country.

Perhaps, I had better describe myself. I am 5 feet 6½ inches tall and still growing. I have blue eyes, light hair, and I am as homely as a brush fence. I think that sizes me up to a "T."

With a good-by and a good time, I will sign my nickname and my right name.—Sarp, otherwise Harold Hankinson, Hammersley Forks, Pennsylvania.

HIS FIRST TRIP

Dear Friends and Neighbors—I have been reading your interesting letters for several summers and winters. I live in the eastern part of Ohio, in Guernsey county. As I am a farmer and corn planting is done, it is time for fun, and we can all go fishing. I enjoy the letters very much.

Piggy, I know how to sympathize with you, for I sometimes have the care of the household, only my big girls happen to be little ones.

As this is my first trip on the merry-go-round, I will bid you all adieu.—Buckeye Leaf.

RICE MILL AT WEINER, ARK.
—From a photograph sent by V. C. Head, of Weiner.

TAKE NOTICE

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COLORADO LANDS

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—Some time ago, while at Eads, Colo., I wrote about homesteading and promised to come again and tell you something more about that part of the country, but since writing that letter, I came to the city of Pueblo, and have been sick most of the time, so could not fulfill my promise till now.

About that part of the country. It is prairie, slightly rolling, without timber of any kind, only where people have planted trees near their homes. The trees make rapid growth, which is the case with nearly anything else that we plant there. The soil is black loam and some sand. It holds the moisture well. Almost anything will grow. The crops mostly cultivated are corn, milo-maize, cane and some apples. All vines do well, such as watermelons, cantaloup, cucumbers, squash and pumpkins of all varieties. Vegetables of all kinds yield abundantly.

For many years people were under the impression that Colorado would not produce crops without irrigation, but while the yield is not quite as great here, the average is good, taking one year with another, with no real failures and with only the rainfall, which is increasing as the land is broken up and put under cultivation.

The tract on which I located is about 15 miles square and at that time was a wild prairie. Some two or three families took claims at the same time and planted a few acres of different kinds of grain, thus proving to others that good crops could be raised without irrigation. Then the rush commenced and by another year that whole tract was in claims, with still others wanting land. Some few have grown homesick, or had other reasons for leaving, and others have come in and bought their claims. Just now the United Brethren people are building a church near there. We expect to have a new school district established, and by next fall a school house and school and most likely a Sunday school.

The climate is fine. The winters are mild with very little snow, and, while we have quite warm weather in summer through the day, the nights are always cool enough to sleep under covers. It is a dry climate and consequently beneficial to those who suffer from asthma, lung trouble, and many other maladies. We are from 5 to 8 miles from the little town of Eads, our nearest postoffice, which is west of us, and the same distance to Shivington, east. We hope soon to have a postoffice at Diston, the name that our neighborhood goes by, as that is the name of the nearest railroad station. Our county is Krowa and is 75 miles east and west by 25 miles wide. Eads is the county seat and is situated in the geogrophical center of the county. The east end of the county forms part of the boundary line between Colorado and Kansas. We are about 35 miles from the state line and the same distance from the Santa Fe railroad south of us.

The Union Pacific railroad is north about 40 miles, and the Missouri Pacific, running through this tract, gives ample shipping facility. The farmers own their telephone lines, which are attached to the wire fences, thus saving the expense of poles and wire.

I have the distinction of being the first person to take a homestead on the north side of the railroad, or on what they call the sandy land. As Mary Cassidy would say, "'twas me that was the first man to try that strip, an' 'twas me that was no man at all, at all."

Since writing my first letter I have received so many letters of inquiry from people who would have liked to take land there. I was sorry to have to tell them that the land is all taken. I wish to say to those who asked if it is a good stock country, that it is a splendid stock country and many fine herds of cattle are raised there, also horses, sheep and hogs.

We are enjoying our usual pleasant sunny Colorado weather. The fruit trees are in bloom and all nature is putting on its summer robe. The sun always shines here. There are very few cloudy days, either winter or summer. I am always interested in the letters from the members of the Cozy Corner. With best wishes to you all—Luella, of Eads, Colorado. May 15.

Please do not send any letters to The Blade with the request to forward to Luella of Eads. She has done more than her duty in the matter of letter writing.—Elizabeth.

A HEN STORY

WAS THE old hen sick? Yes, old Blackey was ill. It took her all the time to get a good breath. Grandpa caught her and gave her one teaspoonful of red pepper, a teaspoon of turpentine and washed it down with coal oil. She was no better next day, so grandsire laid her on her back and filled her throat full of sulphur, gave her half a pill and a large dose of cholera medicine. I guess he gave her that to ease off the other doses.

Grandpa studied medicine in his young days.

He then put her in the sunshine by the shed. After a while I went around there. She could scarcely walk and it took her one minute to pick up a grain of corn.

"Grandpa, your hen is almost dead," says I, going into the house.

I walked over to the window to get another view of her. Just then a Plymouth Rock hen came along, looked at old Blackey with scorn and made a dive for her.

"Oh!" says I.

But see, they are fighting, old Blackey just going it furious. There, she has whipped the Plymouth Rock. Now, either she wasn't sick, or else grandpa was a good doctor.

He studied medicine when he was young.

This is another John story. You may remember that John and his grandpa have been with us before.—Elizabeth.

For the Children

Dear Little Children—How would you like to read a letter from a little white-haired boy, past 53 years old? I have read every one of your letters, now you, in turn, read mine.

My heart is as young and light as it ever was. I mix and mingle with the children as much as I ever did. I play ball and marbles with the boys and they think it is great fun to have "Uncle George" play with them. Many a time I have built playhouses and made swings and so on for the little girls. The children all like me and I like them. The reason is, there are no children and there never was, in my home.

Now, boys, see if you can tell the people when you get to be as old as I am, what I can truthfully say. I have NEVER killed a bird of any kind, or robbed a bird's nest. Neither did I ever go hunting with a gun, or anything else, and I have never killed a cat. I do all I can to protect, especially birds and all kinds of dumb animals.

I am going to tell you where I live. I live in East Tennessee, just two and a half miles southeast of Cumberland Gap, where three states, Virginia Kentucky and Tennessee, corner. We have nice mountain scenery, but not like it is in the west. We have plenty of pure springs, rocks and wood, as also coal. A big coal mine was recently opened over at Cumberland Gap. I have lived here over 19 years. Children, I have traveled some. I have been through 27 states, Manitoba and British Columbia. I have been as far north as Winnipeg, in Manitoba; east to Jamestown, N. Y.; south to Knoxville, Tenn., and west to Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Cal., Victoria, and a number of small places in British Columbia.

I am something of a collector. I have nearly 6,000 specimens of Indian relics in stone, flint and bone; a nice lot of war relics, and a nice lot of geological specimens I gathered on my western trips. I have also about 1,600 tin tobacco tags, of which no two are alike and a string of buttons which numbers exactly 999 buttons, beads and so on, and I have a collection of 1,500 postal cards.

Children, come down and make me a visit, and I will entertain you awhile. If you like music, I can treat you to a concert with a phonograph with 200 records.—Your Uncle, George W. Racey, Shawnee, Tennessee.

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Our Correspondents

Be sure to remember that Sunday, June 18, is the day for FATHER. Wear a red rose for him if he is here, or a white one to honor his memory.

This in a letter just received from Florida Old Man—"The M. G. R.'s will not be called on to assist in any help for a better half for me, as that was settled June first, and, although the acquaintance dates back a score of years, a letter in The Blade led to the wedding."

This looks to me as if it is up to us to wish Florida Old Man, and his recently acquired other half, happy days, and many of them.—Elizabeth.

We have frequent requests for the doggerel song called Casey Jones. It will not be published on this page. If you want it, you will have to buy it. The Blade does not have it for sale.

One of our friends wants a recipe for bleaching white linen goods that have been pink, but have faded to a dingy color.

In a letter from N. A. Rhodes, Corydon, Indiana, is this: "What a strange thing love is. The more you give, the more you get. Am I a liar?"

One of "the girls" wants to know how to make German horseradish soup. Who can tell the truth about this?

You people who have made The Blade Book thus far, here is the comment that comes in many of the letters: "I think The Blade Book is fine."

One of our readers would like to have some one who lives in the land where tarantulas grow, write about the habits and customs of the "critter."

Fanny of Chaumont, New York—Your carpet weaving hints would be very interesting to many of our readers.

One of our friends would like to know where he can get the history of William H. Drannan. If any of you know, kindly send information to J. K. Wluharty, Ross P. O., West Virginia.

Wolverine Bookworm—Yes, I should have liked it, if you had sent me one of your graduation cards. I hope your graduation was a success. Come again.

To the friend who sent me the box of pink and white pinks, more than much obliged. I have lost your letter, else I should write you a personal one.

There is no more room for any more of this today, but to all of you who have sent me kind words, flowers, postcards and prompt responses to requests, this I may say, I am thinking you are the best people ever. That is what I think about all of you Blade Folks.—Elizabeth.

POETS' CORNER

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

Plain Language by Truthful James.
(By Bret Hart.)

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
'Till at last he put down a right hower,
Which the same, Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said: "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE LAST LETTER

(Author Unknown.)

The shades of night have fallen,
Like a veil around the camp;
And our gallant boys lie sleeping,
By the light of heaven's great lamp;
By the shadow of the beach trees,
Looking ghastly in the gloom,
Stalks the picket, dreaming fondly,
Of his lovely bride at home.

Perhaps he ne'er shall see her more,
Never hear her voice again,
For the morning's sun may find him,
Numbered with the noble slain;
On the morrow we shall meet the foe,
Shall meet them in our might,
May our army be victorious,
And may God protect the right.

I have had a bright, bright dream,
Far too happy to be true,
Yet it cheered my weary spirit,
For I dreamed of home and you;
In my dream I saw our cottage,
Nestled 'neath the poplar trees,
And the chiming of the church bells,
Was borne upon the breeze.

In the doorway you were sitting,
Neath the honeysuckles' shade,
On your brow a wreath of glory,
By the golden sunbeams made;
You looked so bright and happy,
To think that I had come,
While our darling, blue-eyed Nellie
Whispered sweetly, "Welcome home."

When the little golden head,
Was pillowed on my breast,
She said softly, "Papa, angels,
Will soon take you home to rest;
And they said they'd come for Nellie,
Take me up to heaven so bright,
Give me a crown of glory,
And a robe of dazzling white.

"Oh, how lonely ma will be,
If the angels leave her here alone,
And take but you and me."
The fair face grew brighter and,
She smiled as angels do,
As she whispered, with a kiss, "Mamma,
God will stay with you."

I woke and found it but a dream,
The brightness all was gone,
And across the eastern hilltops,
Came the footsteps of the morn;
If my dream should prove reality,
If in battle I should fall,
Remember that I put my trust,
In Him who ruleth all.

I'll wait for you and Nellie,
Upon the other side,
Till the boatman Death comes to you,
To row you o'er the tide:
Hark! I hear the bugle calling,
'Tis the signal for the strife,
If I fall, we'll meet in heaven,
Farewell, fare you well, my wife.

The poem entitled The Master Is Coming is very much wanted.

An old song which goes something like this is wanted: O'er many lands I've been, many changes I have seen, and I have learned a thing or two in my time.

The poem called Rose is asked for. It begins: Yes, I open this old Bible on Christmas every year.

The following is the chorus of some verses asked for: The ship's come to port, so they tell me today, now isn't she welcome, as flowers in May?

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

(Author Unknown.)

I've been down to Boston, boys,
To see the folks and sights.
Dear me! I heard such fuss and noise
About the women's rights!
Now, 'tis just as plain as my old coat,
That's plain as plain can be,
That when the women want to vote
They'll get no help from me.

CHORUS.

Not from Joe, not from Joe,—
If he knows it, not from Joseph;
No, no, no, not from Joe,
Not from me, I tell you no!

Tell us, Joseph, why not I
Should vote, as well as you?
What is there, if we girls but try,
We can't make out to do?
Ah; but we shall surely win the chance
And now, I'll let you know,
That if you don't our cause advance
We'll vote, but not for Joe.

CHORUS.

Not for Joe, not for Joe,—
If we know it, not for Joseph;
No, no, no, not for Joe,
Not for you, sir,—Oh! dear! no!

See, young woman, just look here,
Your home is your true place;
You never ought, from out your sphere,
To show your pretty face.
Don't you see, you ought to knit and sew,
And meek and humble be?
If from your sphere you wander so,
You'll get no help from me.

CHORUS.

Not from Joe, not from Joe,—
If he knows it, not from Joseph;
No, no, no, not from Joe,
Not from me, I tell you no!

Joseph! you can't help yourself,
Our cause is speeding on;
And you'll be laid upon the shelf,
When woman's rights are won.
When our President is Katy, fair,
And Mary's eyes of blue
Beam sweetly from the Mayor's chair
They'll see no place for you.

CHORUS.

Not for Joe, not for Joe,—
If we know it, not for Joseph;
No, no, no, not from Joe,
Not from me, I tell you no!

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

(Author Unknown.)

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally;
I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night—
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vowed she loved me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heav'n may favor find me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The dashing waves shall cease to roar,
Ere she's to me a stranger;
The vows we've registered above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I should see the day,
When Mars shall have resigned me,
For evermore I'll gladly stay,
With the girl I've left behind me.

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

(By James I. Russell.)

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,
I always claim for my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney
Will never, never die,
It's the land of the shillalah,
My heart goes back there daily
To the girl I left behind me,
When we kissed and said goodbye.

CHORUS.

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaved Shamrock grows,
Where my heart is, I am going,
To my little Irish rose;
And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the River Shannon flows.

Sure no letter I'll be mailing,
For soon will I be sailing,
And I'll bless the ship that takes me,
To my dear old Erin's shore.
There I'll settle down forever,
I'll leave the old sod never,
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart:
"Come and take my name Asthore."

Will some one send the poem, "The Old Brown Grasshopper," of which the following are two lines:

How did the old brown grasshopper,
When the summer days were long?

The following is a clue to a poem wanted: They grew in beauty side by side, they filled one home with glee.

The poem, The Little Red Cradle that Rocked Us All is asked for.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was as good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me.

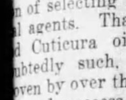
"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if the medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKE, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

VOID LIFE LONG SKIN TROUBLES

Skin sufferers! Do you realize
t to go through life tortured
d disfigured by itching, burn-
, scaly and crusted eczemas
d other skin and scalp humors
in the majority of cases, un-
essary? It is simply a ques-
n of selecting the proper reme-
l agents. That Cuticura soap
d Cuticura ointment are un-
ubtedly such, is, we believe,
oven by over thirty years of un-
puted success throughout the
rld. They afford immediate re-
f in the most distressing cases,
en the usual methods fail.



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WHY SUFFER?
Orange Lily cured
me of painful peri-
ods, Leucorrhea, Ul-
ceration and other
Irregularities after
d been given up to die. To any suf-
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arry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed)
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120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

HE CONQUERING HERO

adero Is Given Greatest Ovation in Generation as He Arrives in City.

Mexico City, June 7.—Amid the
dest enthusiasm Francisco I. Ma-
ro, Jr., today entered the seat of the
vernment which he overturned.
The demonstration was the greatest
ich the capital has known in a gen-
tion. Business was practically sus-
nded, and the streets through which
revolutionary leader made his
mphal way were gay with flags,
ting and flowers, while from the
oats of tens of thousands came
rs of acclaim.
The noisy welcome began when the
st crowd at the railway station
t caught sight of the bearded face
d stocky figure as Madero emerged
m his private car and stepped
kly into a waiting carriage. Shouts
"Viva Madero!" swelled into a
at chorus as the cry was taken up
g the streets leading from the
way station throughout the city.

Throngs Greet Victor.

owing and smiling right and left,
adero was driven from the station
the National palace and thence to
home of his father. Throngs that
ed the way fell in behind as the
riage passed until a great, noisy
friendly procession had been
med. Scores of civilian societies,
litical organizations, women in
riages, and soldiers in parade uni-
m moved on to the quick step mu-
of the military bands.

Aristocracy Resents.

t was a spectacle stirring and un-
al, but amid the popular rejoicing
ld be detected an undercurrent of
atment on the part of unrecon-
d aristocracy, that looked on silent
ugh not unmoved.
umors of plots against the life of
hero of the day were rife, as were
orts that secret threats had been
de. Antonio Villacencia, former
f of police, was taken into custody
night. Immunity as members of
house of deputies is said to have
ved the arm of the law against
rs alleged to have been implicated
plot the discovery of which was
owed by the arrest of W. L. Dunn,
American at Monterey, and Daniel
Villieres, a former police head.
se two men are accused of being at
head of the plotters.
adero's special train was preceded
the capital by a score of other
ns which went up the line yester-
to participate in the demonstra-
n en route and escort the rebel
ral to the city. The occupants
hese trains filled the platforms of
stations where stops were made,
the general public remained out-
held in restraint by a cordon of
ce.

Gets Laurel Wreath.

pon alighting from his car here,
dero was greeted by Senora Aguiles
an, one of the heroines of the re-
on, who handed him a laurel
ath. Senora Serdan is the widow
ne of the first of the revolutionary
spirators to lose his life. His
e in Puebla, in preparation for
revolt, was used as a storehouse
rifles and ammunition. The se-
was discovered by the govern-
t, and Serdan was killed in de-
ding his home. When the hus-
d fell his wife and her two sisters
ed rifles and continued the re-
ant until they were overpowered.
women were thrown into jail,
re they languished for months.
h the triumph of the Madero
y a Serdan society was formed
and Senora Serdan was brought
the capital to greet the man for
e cause she and her family had
red so much. The little woman
ered the wreath without a word.
t Madero replied could not be
d above the din that greeted the
ident.
anners bearing Madero's likeness
everywhere mingled with the na-
al colors and slogans of the revo-
n.

R GIRLS DIE IN LAKE

nsin Young Women Drown When Wind Capsizes Yacht.

leton, Wis., June 12.—Four girls
drowned on treacherous Lake
Des Morts at the mouth of the
iver between Oshkosh and Apple-
Sunday afternoon when a sailing
, owned by three Menasha young
, was capsized during a heavy
storm.
e dead are: Bertha Pollex, Apple-
Gertrude Kuschel, Appleton; Ag-
Geenan, Kimberly; Elizabeth Brill,
berly.

TALK JAIL FOR STEEL MAGNATES

Government Preparing to Bring Criminal Prosecution Against Trust Heads

Washington, June 7.—It was learned yesterday that the administration has been keeping close watch on the doings of the United States Steel Corporation for a long time for a view to possible prosecution of the concern for violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, and that such prosecution is practically certain within the next few months unless there is a readjustment of the practices of the steel trust in conformity with the supreme court decision in the case of the tobacco trust. It may be said now that in case such prosecution is undertaken there probably will be an effort to indict certain steel corporation officials criminally and they will be tried individually before juries.

The decision of the supreme court in the tobacco case has furnished much food for thought to administration officials charged with the enforcement of the anti-trust act. The very striking similarity between the line of reasoning followed by Chief Justice White in that opinion and the reasoning of President Taft in his special message to congress of January 7, 1910, in which he discussed the anti-trust act and the administration scheme for federal incorporation, has attracted much attention in Washington.

Taft Agrees With Court.

When the Standard Oil decision came down there was a disposition to call attention to some expressions of the President in that message as showing that he did not agree with the chief justice in what the court had to say about a "reasonable" construction of the Sherman law. But a careful reading of all the President had to say in that message shows clearly that he is in entire accord with the line taken by the court in the recent big decisions, and that there is no conflict at all between them on the use of the word "reasonable."

What the President was aiming at was the effort of certain corporation men to have written into the law an amendment embodying the word "reasonable" that should clear all those who content themselves with taking what they termed a "reasonable" profit out of their combinations. The President then condemned just as strongly as the court now does, the practices which the administration has always held to be at the bottom of violations of the anti-trust law. There is ground for saying now that the department believes that it has found a condition quite as bad, in certain respects, as that disclosed in the trial of the tobacco case.

Criminal Prosecution Planned.

This evidence, it is believed, relates to the "vicious practices" already described. The administration holds that the practices evidence an intent to restrain trade and to effect a monopoly, and thus they show a purpose to violate the anti-trust law. It will be the effort of the contemplated prosecution to prove such an intent on the part of the guiding head of the steel corporation. That means, of course, criminal prosecution.

Broad Basis for Suit.

From what can be learned now it is apparent that the administration does not intend to base its proposed action upon the absorption of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. by the steel corporation. That may have been one of the violations of the anti-trust law, but it was made under circumstances such that the street trust is not likely to be called to account for it. The prosecutions will be confined to other acts of the corporation which fall within the condemned lines.

It is not likely that the hearings now going on before the select committee of the house investigation of the steel trust under the Stanley resolution will develop much material of service to the department of justice in its contemplated action.

There is reason for believing that the department has already evidence secured by its own agents which goes quite as far as any likely to be brought out by Stanley. But certain things that have come out before the committee show lines which the government prosecution may follow.

For instance, it has been testified by Mr. Gates and admitted by Judge Gary that the American Steel & Wire Co., when it became a subsidiary concern of the steel corporation, did nearly 80 per cent of the business in its line in this country. There was similar testimony as to others of the steel trust subsidiary concerns.

SAY THEY DIDN'T SELL VOTES

Five Out of 92 Plead Not Guilty Before Blair.

West Union, O., June 10.—Accompanied by four nephews, Samuel J. Rogers, 82 years old, of Wamsley, Friday faced Judge A. Z. Blair and pleaded not guilty to indictments charging the sale of his vote last fall. The nephews followed their aged uncle's example. Richard McKee, 75 years old, prominent in politics, told the court he was not guilty. All will stand trial.

Of the 130 men for whom warrants were issued Thursday, 38 failed to appear. The others were in court, and half of them pleaded guilty to selling their votes. They were fined $5 and costs and disfrachised for five years.

WILL SAVE TWAIN'S OLD HOME

Hannibal Commercial Club Obtains Option on Dwelling.

Hannibal, Mo., June 12.—The Commercial club has taken action to save Mark Twain's old homestead in this city.

The club, on lerning that the property was about to be sold and the old building torn down and replaced by flats erected on the site, obtained a 60 day option on the homestead.

The building is a two story frame, containing six rooms, and is in fairly good condition. It is planned to move it to a park as a memorial to the humorist.

AIRMAN FALLS TO HIS DEATH

Austrian Drops 50 Feet From Plane of Own Invention.

Vienna, June 12.—The first aviation fatality in Austria occurred Sunday at Wiener-Neustadt. Vincenz Wiesenbach, of Luxemburg, was killed by a fall of 50 feet from a monoplane of his own invention.

VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

Thousands Homeless in the States South of Mexico City, Where Homes Are Leveled by Shocks.

Gaudalajara, Mex., June 8.—The volcano Colima became active yesterday when the earthquake shocks were felt, and today is emitting smoke and lava. The towns of Tonila and San Andres were badly damaged by the disturbances, portions of them being destroyed. A relief train has been sent to the scene from here.

Mexico City, June 8.—Dispatches from Tuxpan, a few miles east of the volcano Colima, in the southern part of the state of Jalisco, say that Zapotlan suffered severely from yesterday's earthquakes. The number of victims is said to be large. A church and a number of houses were thrown down and other dwelling places rendered unsafe. Thousands of persons are homeless.

The dispatches state that the center of the disturbance was the volcano Colima, which has become active.

The towns of Tonila and Platanar, situated near the volcano, have been damaged.

Mexico City, June 8.—Sixty-three killed, 75 wounded and property worth $100,000 was the cost of the quake which shook the Mexican capital and injected a note of tragedy into what was to be a day of rejoicing over the arrival of Francisco I. Madero, Jr., yesterday.

When the work of searching the ruins is completed, it is probable the list of casualties will be increased, as hiding here and there throughout the city, there doubtless are many wounded, who, with traditional fear of the authorities and government hospitals, are anxious to evade discovery.

The property loss estimate is based on calculations made by owners and contractors. Little of the loss is covered by insurance.

More than half of the dead accounted for were soldiers. They were caught beneath the falling walls of the artillery barracks in San Cosia near the Mexican Central station.

Another place where the earthquake took its toll of death in considerable numbers was at the city power plant of the street car company. There six persons were killed and six wounded. Two others were found in the debris, consisting partly of steel rails, which had been stacked in the iron and wood departments. The victims were inhabitants of shacks, built alongside the structure.

No Americans Hurt.

No property of Americans was damaged. In the barracks where the soldiers were killed, 12 women also lost their lives. They were the wives of artillerymen. These women had the privilege of spending the night within the walls of the barracks, an old structure. It was unlike many of the older edifices of the city, as its walls were comparatively thin.

Only the Poor Suffer.

The police reports of the quake did not record the death of any person of prominence. The victims were those whose homes were in cheaply built houses, or shacks. In most cases the walls that fell had little power of resistance.

FIVE DEAD IN STORM

New York Scene of Hurricane Which May Cost Million in Damage.

New York, June 12.—Five dead, five persons missing and a property loss of nearly $1,000,000, is the result of a two days' storm which has raged intermittently in New York and environs. Weather predictions indicate that the storm may continue today.

The torrential rownpour has been a boon to the depleted reservoirs. 10 days' supply having been accumulated in the Croton watershed.

The lightning played a strange prank at Clason Point, on the Sound, last night, striking a revolving Ferris wheel. The big wheel, which carried several passengers, was thrown from its axis and stuck fast. The lightning blinded the passengers and there was a panic. Several women attempted to leap from the wheel, but were restrained. The passengers were taken down on ladders rigged together.

Several silk mills in Paterson, N. J., were unroofed. Streets were flooded in several New Jersey towns, trees uprooted and cellars filled with water.

Lightning Is Deadly.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 12.—Death and destruction last night followed in the wake of one of the most severe electrical storms which has visited this valley for years.

A bolt of lightning entered the kitchen of John Glowah's home at Minors Mills near this city and killed Andrew, an eight-year-old son. Two other children, aged three and five years, laying on the floor were terribly burned about the body and their condition is serious. James Benson, aged 11 years, of Plains, near here, was instantly killed by a bolt of lightning while sitting in the dining room.

One side of the room was completely torn out. Many buildings were struck and live wires endangered the lives of pedestrians. The operation of the trolley system had to be abandoned.

At Scranton the storm was furious. The whole region was in a state of terror during almost three hours of practically continuous lightning flashes and bolts. No deaths have been reported from that city, but a house at Lake Winona was struck by lightning and totally consumed. At midnight the storm had spent its fury.

FRIENDLY GALE DROWNS 4 IN LAKE OFF GARY, IND.

Chicago, June 12.—Four men were drowned Sunday when the sand carrier J. W. Marshal was overturned by wind in Lake Michigan off Gary, Ind. The remainder of the crew of 12 was carried to the shore by waves and rescued by fishermen. The dead are:

Martin Donahue, mate; Charles Langeman, assistant engineer; John Wiseman, wheelsman, and Gus Jake, fireman.

The ship was upset by the gale that brought relief from the heat under which the lake shore had sweltered for three days.

Most of the men were below and dived through the companionway when the vessel rolled over.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THOSE INDICTED BY 'BRIBE' GRAND JURY AT COLUMBUS

Columbus, June 10.—Senator Thomas A. Dean, represents the thirteenth district, comprising the counties of Erie, Huron, Ottawa and Sandusky. He is serving his second term and came into prominence during the last session as the author of the Dean bill to repeal the Rose county local option law. It was defeated in the senate. He was a member of the so-called "whitewash" senate committee which recently caused the arrest of newspaper men who refused to testify.

Senator Dean was also the author of the optometry bill which has been under investigation by the grand jury. But he owes his chief prominence to his authorship of liquor measures. He edits and publishes the Fremont Daily Messenger.

Frank M. Calvey is a member of the legislature from Cuyahoga county. He is a Republican and was a member of the celebrated house steering committee, which retired after the first explosion in the legislative bribery scandal. It was through his membership on this committee that Calvey gets into his present trouble. He lives in Cleveland, where he was born, and is engaged in the insurance business. He was formerly a union switchman and the author of several union labor measures, one of which, the full switch crew bill, was vetoed by Governor Harmon.

Dr. George Burl Nye represents Pike county in the house of representatives. The two indictments returned against him yesterday make a total of six altogether, but he stoutly protests his innocence as to all. Nye, like Calvey, was a member of the house steering committee. He is a Democrat in politics and a physician by profession. His home is at Waverly. He is now under bonds aggregating $20,000. Dr. Nye was recently tried on an indictment charging him with having solicited a bribe of $500 from State Public Printer E. A. Crawford on the Kimble bill taking Judge A. Z. Blair out of the Adams county judicial district.

Stanley Harrison is assistant sergeant-at-arms of the senate. He was one of the star witnesses for the state in the Dr. Nye case. Harrison is a painter by trade and in politics is a protege of the late Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland. He was active in the Johnson campaigns and of the canvas men. Harrison is a close political friend of former State Senator Thomas P. Schmidt and was assistant sergeant-at-arms when Schmidt was a member of the senate.

Charles A. Bond, indicted for trying by improper means to induce Senators Drake and Atwell to hold up the Rose county local option bill four years ago, was former mayor of Columbus and owned and operated a big clothing store. He was elected mayor of the city on the Republican ticket as the candidate of the "wets" over T. J. Duncan, after one of the fiercest local political contests in the history of the Capital City.

Party lines were entirely obliterated in the fight. Former Congressman D. K. Watson, a lifelong Republican, was one of the most active men in the campaign against Bond, and his picture was afterwards turned to the wall.

TO CUT COTTON TARIFF IN TWO

Democrats to Substitute Ad Valorem for Specific Rates in Schedule.

Washington, June 13.—The bill revising the cotton schedule will be another tariff measure passed by the Democratic house of representatives. Representative Rainey of Illinois, as the head of a subcommittee, is preparing a draft of a measure which will be considered by the entire ways and means committee when completed.

The committee bill will be favorably reported following the disposition of the wool bill next week. The senate then will have to deal with the cotton duties; and as the progressive Republicans are on record against the inquitous tax upon the consumers which the present law imposes, there would seem to be at least as good a chance for the enactment of the cotton as of the wool revision.

Worn as cotton goods are by every man, woman, and child in the United States, the prices of cotton goods and the influence of duties thereon are of direct personal importance. The rates under the Dingley law were high enough in all conscience, but those incorporated in the Aldrich act were even higher.

Plan to Reduce Dingley Duties.

Now it is proposed not only to remove all the advances made by the Aldrich law, but even to reduce the Dingley duties. It is the intention practically to cut the duties in half, to make the cotton schedule less intricate, to go back to the old ad valorem instead of specific duties, and finally to eliminate the "jokers' which make schedule I a disgrace.

While Senator Aldrich insisted that in his bill there had been no advance in duties over the Dingley law, it was asserted by experts and established by experience that by direct increases, use of the convenient "joker," and by other subtle methods with which astute legislators were familiar, such advances actually had been made.

Senator LaFollette and the late Senator Dolliver, who made a careful study of the cotton schedule proposed by Mr. Aldrich and his colleagues on the finance committee, found that through the substitution of specific for ad valorem duties, an increase had been effected in nearly every case.

Increases Reach 459.96 Per Cent.

They discovered the duties were higher on 62 classes of goods, and that the increases ranged from 25 to 459.96 per cent. The bureau of statistics reported that the Aldrich duties touched the Dingley duties at only two classes of cloth, and that on mercerized goods or goods with even a mercerized thread there were 118 classes in which the new duties were found to be increases.

The intricacy of the cotton schedule is so vast that it is a comparatively simple matter to fool the legislator who does not take the time to delve deeply into it. For years it has been the custom to tax cotton goods by roughly dividing cotton cloth into classes in accordance with the number of threads per square inch.

As the number of threads per square inch increases, the finer the quality of goods becomes, and the rate of duty is raised accordingly. Each class is divided into subclasses according to the number of yards of goods per pound. The more yards to the pound, the finer the quality and the higher the duty. Then, in addition, each general class and each subclass is grouped into three subdivisions—unbleached, bleached and colored goods.

Mr. Lippitt, who is the successor of Senator Aldrich in the United States senate, testified before the ways and means committee that the cotton manufacturers wanted no increase in duties, but that there were some "minor features" in controversy which might need "elucidation." The "minor features," it afterward turned out, were decidedly important in that they affected every clause in the cotton schedule.

MARRIES A WIRELESS HERO

Pretty Actress Meets Operator on Boat and Weds.

Seattle, Wash., June 12.—A pretty romance, which had its beginning on the steamer Princess Carlotte, running between Seattle and British Columbia ports, 10 days ago, when the principals met for the first time, culminated Sunday in the wedding of Walter Roy Keller, wireless operator, and pretty Cecil Whitmore, a New York actress.

Keller is the hero operator of the Princess May wreck on Sentinel island last August, when at the risk of his life he swam into the flooded engine room and obtained batteries in order to keep in communication with Juneau, Alaska.

DEATH LIST GROWING

Several Towns Reported Devastated by Lava From Active Volcanoes.

Mexico City, June 9.—From coast to coast Mexico is devastated by the earthquake of Wednesday and to add to the terror of the inhabitants the volcanoes Colima and Popocatapetel are now in full eruption. Great cones of smoke hover over the craters and lava pours down their sides into cities and towns.

The death list, placed early yesterday at 1,456, is growing and word is yet to be received from the Isthmus of Tehauteped, which was shaken from end to end.

Few Natives Escape.

The famous floating gardens of the Montezumas, situated on an island in Lake Xochimilco, are no more. Gardens, homes, inhabitants, island and all are sunken beneath the surface of the lake. How many victims were claimed by the earthquake there no one can say, but comparatively few if any of the natives are believed to have escaped. The inhabitants of this island are direct descendants of the Aztecs and of pure, unmixed blood. They raised and sold nearly all the flowers and vegetables for the markets of Mexico City. Now they and their homes and their products are no more.

In a church at Guadalajara, state of Hidalgo, was a statue of the patron saint of Mexico. At the first tremor, priests carried this statue into the streets and the town escaped with little or no injury, although exactly in the middle of the earthquake belt. Now thousands of persons are worshiping at this shrine.

Miracle at Gaudalajara.

A somewhat similar incident is noted at Guadalajara, a city of 125,000 inhabitants, capital of the state of Jalisco. In the cathedral there is Murillo's famous painting "The Assumption," valued at $75,000. The walls of the cathedral show two fissures, each six inches wide, extending completely around the painting, but leaving it without injury. In front of the painting is an image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, to whose protection the inhabitants ascribe its safety. The incense is rising from hundreds of censers at the shrine. One hundred and fifty persons were injured in Guadalajara, but no one was killed.

The list of casualties is pouring into Mexico City from Tacula, Tacabaya, San Angle, Zacapotzalco, Tlalpam, Pinon and all places in the immediate vicinity of the capital. The port of Manzanillo, state of Colima, that cost $14,000,000 to build, is badly damaged. Twenty-two persons were killed there. No Americans were killed or injured by the earthquake in Mexico.

Colima Always Troublesome.

The volcano Colima, the center of the seismic disturbance, is one of the most troublesome of the Mexican volcanoes. It is situated in the southern part of the state of Jalisco and is 12,278 feet high. History mentions violent eruptions dating back to the sixteenth century. Since the summer of 1869 the volcano, with the exception of a few brief periods of quiescence, has been in a disturbed state. The eruption of 1806 produced a strong earthquake which did much damage. The eruptions of 1902 and 1909 were spectacular but less devastating.

DIAZ GETS QUAKE NEWS BY WIRELESS ON SHIP

On Board S. S. Ypiranga, June 9—(By Wireless).—General Porfirio Diaz received news of the earthquake in Mexico and the arrival of Senor Madero at the capital by wireless late last night, while his steamship was speeding eastward for Havre, 1,000 miles due east of Cape Hatteras.

All night long the ship was in communication with the United Wireless station at Atlantic City and ex-President Diaz remained up until long after midnight to receive all the available news of happenings in his country.

After the first brief bulletin of the earthquake and the announcement that the number of dead might reach 150 or more, there came a brief account of Madero's reception at the capital.

Diaz expressed great sorrow over the earthquake disaster, being aspecially concerning over the number of lives lost. He asked that an expression of his sympathy be communicated to his people, and said that he hoped the casualties would prove less serious on further investigation. The ex-president is enjoying his sea trip and declares vigorously that he is much improved in health. The weather has been fine all the way.

LIGHTNING PICKS HIS POCKETS

Columbus, Ind., June 12.—Lightning played a queer freak when it killed Joseph Greenlee, a young farmer, northeast of Hope, and picked his pocket. Silver change in his pocket was thrown 20 feet from where the body fell, along with his pocketknife.

WHEAT CROP TO BREAK RECORDS

Government Report Shows Conditions Never Before Excelled.

Washington, June 9.—A wheat crop the like of which never has been harvested, will be gathered in the United States this season if conditions indicated by the government's June crop report continue throughout the growing season. Agricultural experts estimate the crop this year will amount to 764,291,857 bushels, an increase of 68,843,857 bushels over that gathered last year Of winter wheat the indicated yield is almost 480,000,000 bushels and that of spring wheat 284,000,000 bushels. While winter wheat will probably yield less to the acre this year than the average for 5 years, spring wheat will show an increased yield of 2 bushels per acre over 1910 and a slight increase over the 5-year average yield.

The condition of the spring wheat crop on June was a full point above the 10-year average while winter wheat was below the average, but better than in 1910 at this time.

Of the winter wheat crop the percentage of the acreage in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, the condition on June 1 and the 10year average condition on June 1 follows:

States.	Acreage.	June 1.	10-Year Average.
Indiana	8.6	85	81
Ohio	6.5	80	82
Michigan	3.0	88	80

Conditions of barley follow:

States.	Acres.	June 1.	10-Year Average.
Indiana	1,794,000	82	86
Ohio	1,694,000	73	86
Michigan	1,490,000	85	88

The department of agriculture's June crop report, issued today, estimates the principal crops as follows:

Spring wheat—Acreage 20,757,000 or 104.9 per cent of 1910 acreage (19,778,000); June 1 condititon, 9.6, compared with 93.6 the 10 year average; indicated yield per acre, 13.7 bushels, compared with 135 the five-year average.

Winter wheat—Acreage 31,367,000 or 106.6 per cent of 1910 acreage (29,778,000); June 1 condition, 94.6, compared with 81.6 the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 15.3 bushels, compared with 13.5 the five-year average.

All wheat—Indicated yield per acre, 14.7 bushels, compared with 14.7 the five-year average.

Oats—Acreage 35,250,000 or 99.9 per cent of 1910 acreage (36,288,000); June 1 condition, 85.7, compared with 88.4 the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 27.7 bushels, compared with 28.4 the five-year average.

Barley—Acreage 7, 038,000, or 97 per cent of 1910 acreage, (7,257,000); June 1 condition, 90.2, compared with 90.0 the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 24.9 bushels, compared with 24.8, the five-year average.

Rye—June 1 condition, 88.6, compared with 90.2, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 16.1 bushels, compared with 16.4, the five-year average.

Hay—June 1 condition, 76.8, compared with 86.1 in 1910.

Pastures—June 1 condition, 81.8, compared with 90.7, the 10-year average.

IN CROP SCARE SEASON

Henry Clews Sees Abundant Optimism in Outlook.

New York, June 12.—A further broadening tendency has been shown in the financial situation this week. The market for stock exchange securities may now be regarded as having reached the stage where it is performing its usual function of discounting not alone the agricultural prospects but also the improvement in trade and industry that in turn will follow the satisfactory yields of our farm lands that are in prospect, says Henry Clews. On Thursday the government issued its grain report, showing conditions as of June 1. As usual there was some deterioration in winter wheat during the month of May, but the outlook, in view of the increased acreage this year, is for an outturn of approximately 480,000,000 bushels. This, if fulfilled, will mean a harvest that has not been equalled since 1906. No official report on the area planted to corn will be available until a month from now, but usually reliable advices from the leading centers of the corn belt suggests that this, which is the most important crop, will also demand recognition in the list of favorable market factors. As was noted last week, the cotton crop, as well as the condition of the plant, are well above the average, so that to those who looked to the agricultural sections of the country as their guide for stock market operations the outlook is one of distinct encouragement. But we should not forget that it would be an abnormal year if we did not have the usual crop scares and exaggerations. Thus we are upon the threshhold of what may be termed the crop market season, which means a period of active fluctuations in security values and opportunities for alert and well-informed traders to make substantial profits.

NICARAGUA GETS AID OF U. S.

Washington, June 7.—Another important step looking to the establishment of stable conditions in Central America was taken today when Secretary of State Knox and Dr. Salvador Castrillo, the Nicaraguan minister, signed a treaty providing names for refunding the public debt of Nicaragua.

This convention is on terms practically similar to that negotiated last winter with Honduras. The Honduran instrument has not been ratified.

The amount of the bond issue will be between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000, and will be determined by the report of a mixed claims commission which will pass upon the validity of the monopolies granted by former President Zelaya. Through these treaties, if ratified, revolution in Honduras and Nicaragua will be stamped out.

CLAIMS HIS WIFE IS NEGRO

St. Louis, June 10.—Cora Clamorhan Collins, whose 20-year-old husband filed suit yesterday to annul their marriage on the ground she is a negro, declares she will fight the suit to the last resort.

Mrs. Collins, who is one of an accomplished family which is celebrated in the West End for ability to entertain large parties at their home, is silent as to her lineage, but both her father and mother stoutly maintain they are descendants of a Spanish nobleman. Collins, the husband, says he never wants to see his six-week-old baby again.

The statutes of Missouri provide that any marriage between a white person and one with one-eighth or more negro blood is unlawful. For four years the family of Louis F. Clamorhan, for years a city employe, has been prominent in Maplewood and Ellendale social circles. The five daughters were accomplished musicians and the son an athlete as well as leader of a coterie known as the Riverside park set.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., June 13.—Comparative firmness at Liverpool and covering by shorts put wheat on its feet at the outset, after yesterday's disastrous break. There was a little reaction early on rather liberal offerings of September. Weather was generally favorable. Toledo cash and July opened ¼c higher at 86⅞c and 87c, September 1½c higher at 88⅝c and December ⅞c up at 90¾c. The market showed a rising tendency early, save in December, which eased off a shade before 10 a. m.

Covering by shorts continued off and on the rest of the day, and the market showed a fairly good rise. It was reported big Chicago longs unloaded some of their lines. Cash closed at 87c, July 87¼c, September 88c, December 90¾c, the net gains being ½c to ¾c.

Crop advices on coarse grains were not quite as favorable as a day or two ago. Corn opened ½c to ½c higher as follows: July 56½c, September 58⅜c and December 56½c.

Closes: Cash 56½c, July 56¾c, September 58⅜c, December 56½c.

At the following prices, oats opened about ½c higher, July 40¾c, September 40½c and December 41⅝c.

Final oats prices: Cash 40c, July 40¼c, September 40¼c, December 41¾c.

Clover seed at the start was unchanged in cash at $9.75 and 2½c lower in the futures at $8.40.

There were no further changes in field seed the rest of the day.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June 13	Close J'e12.
Wheat—					
Cash	86¾	....	86½	87	86½
July	87	....	86½	87¼	86½
Sept.	88⅝	88⅝	88	88	87½
Dec.	90¾	....	90	90¾	90
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	56½	56½
July	56½	....	....	56¾	56¾
Sept.	58⅜	58¾	....	58⅜	58
Dec.	56½	56¾	....	56½	56
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	40	40	40
July	40¼	....	40	40¼	40
Sept.	40½	....	....	40¼	40¼
Dec.	41¾	....	41½	41¾	41½
Clover Seed					
Cash	9.75	....	....	8.75	9.65
Oct.	8.40	....	....	8.40	8.42½
Dec.	8.40	....	....	8.40	8.42½
March	8.40	....	....	8.40	8.42½
Timothy—					
Aug.	....	....	....	4.50	4.50
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.25	9.25
Aug.	....	....	....	8.75	8.75

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	86¾	87¼	86¼	87¼	86¾
Sept.	87	87½	86¼	86⅞	86⅝
Dec.	89¼	89⅝	88⅝	89	88⅜
Corn—					
July	54½	55¼	....	54⅝	54⅝
Sept.	56⅜	56⅝	55⅞	56¼	56⅛
Dec.	55¼	55⅝	55	55¼	56⅛
Oats—					
July	38¼	38⅝	38	38¼	38¼
Sept.	39¼	39⅝	38⅞	39¼	39
Dec.	40⅝	40⅞	40	40⅝	40⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	94	94⅛	93⅝	94	92½
Sept.	93	93⅝	92⅞	93⅝	93

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	83¾	84	83¼	83⅞	88⅜
Sept.	85	....	84⅞	85⅛	84¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	92⅝	92½
Sept.	....	....	....	91⅛	90½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	94½	93⅜
Sept.	....	....	....	92	90⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	15.17	15.30	15.15	15.25	15.40
Sept.	15.00	15.15	14.95	15.00	15.15
Lard—					
July	8.20	....	....	8.12	8.22
Sept.	8.32	....	....	8.25	8.35
Dec.	7.97	8.00	7.95	7.97	....
Ribs—					
July	8.15	8.25	....	8.20	8.25
Sept.	8.17	8.20	8.12	8.17	8.22
Jan.	7.40	7.45	....	7.42	7.45

Money and Stocks.

New York, June 13.—(Wall Street.)—The stock market was irregular with a lower tendency at the opening today. Sever pressure was directed against the railroad stocks, which gave way substantially. Northern Pacific, St. Paul and Western Maryland lost a point, Union Pacific and Erie ¾ and Reading, Southern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Atchison and Southern Railway preferred ½.

Among the industrials American Locomotive was the weakest, losing a point. U. S. Steel declined ⅝. The copper shares were strong.

Speculative issues, particularly United States Steel, showed the effects throughout the morning session of pressure and some liquidation, under cover of a buying movement in the coppers. Trade conditions, which are reported as being better than for some time past, were used as a basis for the buying of copper shares.

Reports that the United States Steel Corporation will shortly announce large orders for railroads arrested the decline in that stock. The market as a whole was even more irofessional than usual. The recovery in prices which followed the opening decline was short lived, the list receding slightly to about the earlier low level. Great Northern preferred and International Harvester lost a point. Bonds were easier.

Further weakness developed, the bears having considerable success in shaking out long stock at various points. Canadian Pacific sold 1⅜ under yesterday's closing and Erie first preferred and Toledo, St. Louis & Western preferred 1. Accumulation of the copper stocks at the lower figures brought out some recovery afterwards, but representative shares did not rally much.

When the selling movement had spent itself, the market began to pick up steadily. Reading more than made up its loss, and the rest of the active stocks got to within a small fraction of yesterday's close.

New York Stocks.

New York, June 13.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	130	130	130	130
Am. Loco. com	41¾	41¾	41¾	41¾
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	121	121	120½	120⅝
Atchison	115	115⅜	114¾	115¼
Am. Car & F. Co	56½	56½	56½	56½
Anaconda	40¾	41¼	40½	41⅛
Amal. Copper	69¾	70¾	69	70¾
Am. Smelters	82¾	83½	82¼	83¼
Am. Sm. Sm., com.	59	59¾	59	59¼
Am. Steel Fdy	42½	42¾	42¼	42¼
Am. Tel. & Tel	151⅜	151⅝	151¼	151½
Am. Cotton Oil	53¾	53⅞	53½	53½
Am. Beet Sugar	55¼	56	55¼	55⅞
Balt. & Ohio	107⅝	107⅞	107⅜	107⅝
Brn R. Trans	81¼	81⅜	81	81½
Chicago & G. W.	24	24	23½	23⅝
Chicago G. W. pfd.	46	46	46	46
Canadian Pac	241⅜	242	240¾	241⅝
Clover Leaf	22⅝	22⅝	22¼	22⅜
Clover Leaf pfd	51	51	49⅝	50⅜
Colorado Fuel	34⅜	34⅝	34¼	34⅜

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Red Star Sanitary Vending Machine Company, Dept. K. Davenport, Iowa.

AUTO RACE TAKES ONE LIFE

Marcel Basle, Abbot-Detroit Man, Killed.

Chicago, June 13.—Two thousand persons went out to the automobile races at Hawthorne race track Saturday afternoon full of the hope that they would be given a thrill. They had their anticipations gratified. They saw what is getting to be the regular "feature" of automobile races in this country—the killing of a driver. To add interest to the occasion another driver drove his machine into a fence and was picked up dazed and bruised, but through some miracle not badly hurt.

The first victim was Marcel Basle, driver of an Abbott-Detroit car. He sustained injuries from which he died within a few minutes when the machine which he was driving at an 80-mile-an-hour clip in the five-mile race suddenly skidded off the track, leaped through a fence, and capsized on top of him.

The second victim was Jagersburger, driver of a Case car. After he had been injured the race program was stopped and a series of exhibition events was put on.

RUNAWAY STOPS ELOPERS

Horse Wrecks Buggy and Couple Return Home.

Kansas City, Mo., June 13.—H. F. Scott, 21 years old, of Blue Springs, Mo., ran away with pretty 18-year-old Bernice Prizendine, taking her in a buggy, and then the horse ran away with them both.

It was early morning when the two started from Blue Springs. They were going to Kansas City, Kan., to be married.

For some reason Scott did not watch the horse. The animal shied as the wind blew a newspaper along the road, there was a lurch, and the horse was off. Soon the buggy was a wreck and the two young people were thrown out.

"We can't stop now," said Scott, but the girl differed.

"We'll go back," she said, "tell the folks about our hard luck, and then maybe they'll consent to our marriage."

All of which done and the next day they were married.

RAIN BARES MURDER MYSTERY

Grave of Missing Woman Exposed After Storms.

Farmington, Me., June 13.—Buried in a grave, hidden under a mass of underbrush, the body of Mrs. Etta Taylor, wife of Marshall Taylor, of Freeman, who has been missing three weeks, was found Sunday. A wound in the back of the head indicates that the woman was slain with a shotgun. Taylor and his housekeeper, Gida Searles, have been arrested.

The discovery of the body was accidental. The heavy rains of the last few days had washed out the loose earth of the shallow grave and while Silas Dunham was walking near the place, about one hundred yards from the Taylor home, he noticed a spot where the earth appeared to be freshly turned. He notified the sheriff and a few minutes' work with spades unearthed the body.

WOULDN'T WED WITH NO RING

St. Louis Girl, Eloping, Brings Man Home.

St. Louis, June 13.—Thomas Marshall, and Miss Mabel Ryan, both of this city, who had intended to be married in Clayton, were forced to go to Maplewood to have the knot tied because Marshall forgot the bride's wedding ring.

The couple took a car for Clayton and obtained a marirage license. They visited a justice's office, and then it was Marshall discovered that he had forgotten the ring. Miss Ryan refused to be married without it and they journeyed back to St. Louis. Later in the evening another trip to Clayton was made. This time no justices were available and a trip to Maplewood followed.

HER SMUGGLING GAME FAILS

Ohio Girl Forgot to Destroy Box Ring Came In.

New York, June 13.—Miss Caroline Stansbaugh, 22, and exceedingly pretty, arrived on the Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm with Mrs. G. M. Bonds, her neighbor, of Youngstown, O.

Miss Stansbaugh had an idea it would be easy to fool the customs officials, so she forgot to declare a handsome ring purchased in Berlin. However, she also forgot to destroy the box it came in. When the inspector examined her baggage he found the empty case in the bottom of the trunk.

Miss Stansbaugh said the ring cost $90. She paid $54 duty.

HUBBY FOR EVERY WEEK DAY

She Wed on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

St. Louis, June 13.—On a Monday, so many years ago that Mrs. Margaret Voss Warren wouldn't tell, she married husband No. 1. After he died she married spouse No. 2 on a Tuesday. No. 2 went the way of his predecessor and she took No. 3 for a partner on a Wednesday.

Mrs. Warren kept up with the rotation in the week's calendar and married No. 4 on a Thursday. Hence, when she again became a widow, she picked Friday as the day she should become Mrs. Ely Warren.

"I hope I don't have to utilize Saturday," she said after the wedding.

FORESTERS MEET AT ERIE

Erie, Pa., June 13.—Erie is entertaining for two days the annual district convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Several hundred delegates from various points in Pennsylvania and Ohio are in attendance.

TO PROMOTE GOOD ROADS

Winston-Salem, N. C., June 13.—The annual convention of the North Carolina Good Roads association met here today and will continue in session over tomorrow. Nearly every county of the state has sent delegates to the gathering.

DIRECT VOTE FOR SENATORS PASSES

Senate Puts Through Long-Fought Constitutional Resolution.

Washington, D. C., June 13.—After years of efforts to amend the constitution with respect to the election of United States senators, the senate at 10 o'clock last night, by a vote of 64 to 24, passed the resolution providing that the people by direct vote shall determine who shall sit in the upper branch of congress.

As passed, however, an amendment contains a stinger which is objectionable to the friends of the movement and which it is predicted will prevent its ratification by the required three-fourths of the states.

This stinger is the Bristow amendment, similar in substance to the Sutherland amendment of last session, which leaves control of the "time, place and manner" of holding elections in the hands of the federal government instead of placing it entirely in the hands of the states, as the resolution passed by the house and fathered by Senator Borah and urged by the Democrats provided.

South May Oppose.

It is openly predicted by Southern members of the senate that the Southern states will not ratify the amendment because of the fear that some day congress may attempt to pass a force bill and will enter upon the supervision of their election machinery.

Vice President Sherman broke a tie vote on the amendment, 44 to 44, he voting in the affirmative.

By the irony of fate it was a Southern senator—Senator Clark, of Arkansas—who made the incorporation of the objectionable Bristow amendment possible.

The amendment would have been defeated had not Vice President Sherman for the third time since he has presided over the senate cast the deciding vote in favor of it.

Senator Reed, of Iowa, entered his protest against the vote of the Vice President, saying that upon a constitutional amendment he questioned his right to exercise decisions. His decision was recorded, but that was all.

Senator Bacon sought to have a compromise adopted, but failed. He proposed to confer upon the states the right of supervision over the elections, and to give the Federal government authority only when a state should fail to exercise its right to direct elections.

This failed by a vote of 43 to 46.

On the final vote on the passage of the resolution as amended, the vote was 64 for and 24 against, this being the first time in the history of the senate that a two-thirds majority has been in favor of the election of members of that body by popular vote, although the house has five times passed such a resolution.

Thirty-one Democrats voted for the resolution and eight against it, and 33 Republicans for and 16 against.

There is grave doubt as to whether the house will accept the Bristow amendment. It is believed that it will not agree to it.

Senator Burton voted for the Bristow amendment and Senator Pomerene against it.

Both Ohio senators voted for the resolution as amended.

MEXICAN LIBERTY BECOMES LICENSE

Diaz Prediction of Anarchy After His Fall Seems Near Fulfillment.

Mexico City, June 13.—Diaz's uncompromising severity, relentless domination and supreme dictatorship must be adopted quickly by those in authority or peace in Mexico will be but a meaningless term, it is asserted. Every day Diaz's prediction of anarchical conditions, which he feared would follow the relaxation of his stern government, comes nearer verification. The people are playing with the new democratic toy, trying to pull it apart and smash it. Given an inch of liberty they are taking an ell of license.

Do as They Please.

Many have the idea that the new conditions give each individual the right to do as he pleases without regard to the community's interests. As a consequence they resent all authority as tyrannical, and the police are hampered by the fear of offending the authorities by interfering with the Maderistas who swagger about armed to the teeth, refusing to pay for food and drink or even car fare. If anyone objects to this imposition he gets the worst of it. Glasses are smashed in restaurants and saloons and street cars are wrecked.

Thieves in Ranks.

Many of the roughest characters, including thieves and bullies who never were with the Maderist armies, have donned the insurrector tri-colors, obtaining carbines, revolvers and cartridge belts and are preying on the community, posing as war-worn heroes.

These conditions are getting worse every day and are certain to result in grave disturbance if allowed to continue unchecked much longer.

Many of the insurrectos are in the fashionable residence suburb of San Angel, where 30 of them are seriously ill with a highly contagious form of typhoid fever, and the residents fear an epidemic.

BAPTISTS AT PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, Pa., June 13.—Baptists are in possession of Philadelphia today. They fill railways stations, hotels, boarding houses and street cars. Thousands of them are already here and thousands of others are on their way to attend the series of denominational conventions to be held in this city during the remainder of this month, and which promises to form one of the greatest religious gatherings ever held in America.

CREDIT MEN IN SESSION

Minneapolis, Minn., June 13.—The sixteenth annual convention of the National Association of Credit Men began in this city today and will continue four days. On the last day the sessions will be transferred to St. Paul. The attendance embraces more than 1,000 delegates, representing the leading wholesale houses and manufacturing firms in all parts of the country.

POST LOSES TO LABOR

Suit to Prevent Closed Shop Is Dismissed.

St. Louis, June 13.—The suit of Charles W. Post, of Washington, D. C., against the American Federation of Labor and the Bucks Stove and Range Co., was dismissed yesterday in the United States circuit court by Judge D. P. Dyer, on a demurrer to the bill filed by the defendants.

Post asked an injunction restraining the labor organization and the stove company from carrying out the terms of the closed shop agreement entered into following the death of J. W. Van Cleve, president of the Bucks company, and he also asked $750,000 damages against the labor organization. The suit for damages was filed under a section of the Sherman act.

The defendants asked the dismissal of the bill on the ground that the suit was multifarious. They contended also the court did not have jurisdiction and that Post, as a resident of the District of Columbia, should rave brought action there as it was not a suit between citizens of different states.

Post sued as a stockholder and director of the company. According to his bill, he owns $55,000 of the $1,500,000 stock of the concern. His suit for damages was based on the ground that the company has cause for action against the labor organization to that amount as the result of the boycott.

Judge Dyer's decision leaves the bringing of a new suit in the District of Columbia Post's only recourse.

BANKER'S WIFE LEAVES

Mrs. A. W. Mellon, Figure in Sensational Divorcee Suit, Goes to Friends.

Pittsburg, June 13.—Mrs. A. W. Mellon's two little children yesterday were removed from their home to the residence of Richard Quay, in Sewickley, by order of court on petition of her millionaire banker husband.

Mrs. Mellon was forcibly ejected fro mher banker's mansion and a Mrs. Crawford, who has been her friend in her trouble, was dragged off the porch by a negro deputy.

Mrs. Mellon is living today with friends and the mansion is closed to everybody except the banker and he is living at a prominent club. This sensational turn in the domestic unpleasantness occurred on the heels of the arrival from England of George Albert Curphey, a captain in the British army, who has been named as co-respondent in the case.

After Apology.

Captain Curphey came here with Captain W. T. Kirkbride, also an officer in King George's army, to demand an apology and satisfaction from the millionaire. He is here to court trial by jury as a co-defendant as well as a co-respondent in the notorious case and his lawyers now are planning this move to checkmate Mellon's efforts to have the case against his wife tried in secret.

Curphey is being shadowed by detectives, but he is joshing his spies, for he says there is no danger of him leaving the state, into which jurisdiction he has placed himself purposely to defend the charges against him.

The removal of the Mellon children was ordered by Judge J. J. Miller, of the orphans' court, and is a victory for Mellon. In the proceedings involving the care of the children, Mrs. Mellon's interests were in the hands of Judge James Gay Gordon, of Philadelphia.

New action is pending and in a few days a move probably will be made by counsel for Mrs. Mellon.

Captain Defies Mellon.

On Wednesday Captain Curphey must appear in the offices of Mellon's lawyers to make deposition. Twenty-four hours after he had arrived in Pittsburg the British army officer was served with a subpena. He made no protest and is willing to give the required deposition. In short the Englishman seems anxious to be put on the defensive to the greatest possible extent, but there probably will be a legal fight by Mellon to have Curphey's case tried separately from that of Mrs. Mellon to defeat her demand for trial by jury.

TRUST ENDED STEEL "POOLS"

Gayley Resumes Testimony Before Congressional Probers.

Washington, June 13.—The assertion that the formation of the United States Steel corporation in 1901 had put an end to pools and agreements in the industry was made by James Gayley, former vice president of the corporation, today to the house "steel trust" investigating. Mr. Gayley in telling of conditions existing before that date, denied that combinations or agreements existed before that date, denied that combinations or agreements existed in the trade today. Although at first opposed to the plan, he now thoroughly approved the understandings reached between steel manufacturers at the conference dinners inaugurated by Judge E. H. Gary, head of the corporation.

Mr. Gayley said that prior to 1901 there were agreements by which manufacturers were apportioned certain shares of the steel business, and those who failed to get their allotted share were taken care of with a proportion of the general profits.

HANDICAP ON BUBBLE CUPS

St. Louis, Mo., June 13.—Flat noses and the bubble fountain are at odds in St. Louis. The cupless thirst quenchers installed the last week in several department stores have lost a popular decision in the first round.

The flat nosed ones could not direct the miniature geysers esophagusward. Generally the tyro inhaled the aqua pura through his or her nose.

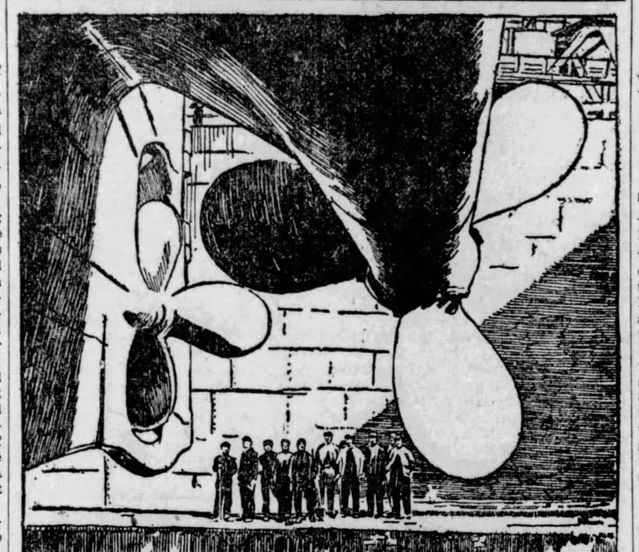
WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

Rochester, N. Y., June 13.—The Sovereign Camp, Woodmen of the World, one of the largest fraternal and beneficiary orders in America, met here today in biennial session with hundreds of delegates in attendance. The convention will probably remain in session for ten days or two weeks.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR SPEAKS

Chicago, Ill., June 13.—Count Johann Bernsdorff, German ambassador to the United States, was the principal speaker today at the seventy-ninth convocation of the University of Chicago, when nearly 200 degrees were conferred. The ambassador's subject was "The Foundation of the German Empire."

The Biggest Ships Afloat



ONE OF THE THREE SCREWS OF THE TITANTIC, SISTER SHIP OF THE MONSTER LINER OLYMPIC.

THE White Star Line's great steamer Titantic will be launched in the River Laffan at Belfast, Wednesday morning. The Titantic will enter the New York-Southampton service late in the year, but its sister vessel, the Olympic, will be ready to steam from Southampton in two weeks on its maiden voyage to New York. Each of these two sea monsters is of 45,000 tons register, 882½ feet long and 92½ feet wide, and have no peers in all the ships that sail the seas for size, beauty, speed or luxuriousness. Not only are these ships noted for their beauty, but also for the spaciousness of their accommodations for passengers. In the first, second and third class the greatest comfort has been planned. On both steamers swimming pools, tennis and handball courts and Turkish and electric bath establishments are among the innovations to be introduced. The accompanying illustration gives some idea of the mammoth propellers of the two ships. Both are triple screw steamers. Figures of men in the photograph are dwarfed by the giant blades.

LORIMER ON HAND FOR HIS DEFENSE

To Appear Before Committee Which Will Investigate Right to His Seat.

Washington, June 13.—Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, will remain in Washington until the vote is taken on his right to retain his seat in the senate, following the reinvestigation of his election, when he will return to Chicago. He announced his willingness to appear before the committee whenever the committee fixes a date. The senator is preparing to fight the case vigorously. He said yesterday he had retained as his counsel former Judge Elbridge Hanecy, who looked after his interests in the previous senate investigation.

In Usual Seat Again.

Senator Lorimer arrived from Chicago in response to a request sent to all absentees to return for the vote on the resolution providing for election of senators by direct vote.

Supoenas for a number of prominent Illinois men to testify have been issued, and a special officer from the office of the senate sergeant-at-arms has gone to Chicago to serve them.

Prominent Man Subpenaed.

It is understood that among the men to be summoned are Lee O'Neil Brown, Democratic leader in the Illinois house; Edward Hines, president of the Edward Hines Lumber Co., of Chicago; Edward Hilden, whose name was connected with the $100,000 fund alleged to have been collected for use in electing Senator Lorimer, and Mr. Funk, an officer of the International Harvester Co., whose disclosure of an attempt to have his corporation subscribe to the alleged fund resulted in the investigation by the Illinois legislature.

The Lorimer investigating committee has not yet definitely fixed a day for its next meeting. The members are going over the voluminous testimony taken in the Illinois inquiry and until this is completed such meetings as are necessary will be held merely for purposes of organization.

COW PLAYS MOTHER TO DEER

Mystery of Decrease in Milk Supply Explained.

Bedford, Pa., June 13.—For some days Hart Bush, a farmer near Oppenheimer, a hamlet of Bedford county, had been missing milk from a cow kept in a field near the house. He thought a calf had been sucking the cow, and Thursday morning Mrs. Bush told her husband to put the calf in the barn, which he did.

The next morning Mrs. Bush looked out into the field and saw what she thought was the calf again with the cow. She ran to the field and approached the cow to drive the calf away. The animal she took to be the calf leaped lightly over the fence and disappeared into the woods. It happened to be a deer.

STAYS A REPRIEVE HEARING

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., June 13.—Word was received here yesterday from the Canadian minister of justice, A. R. Aylesworth, that a reprieve of Mrs. Angelina Neapolitan, sentenced to be hanged August 9 for the murder of her husband, could not be considered by the governor general so far in advance of the date of execution.

Petitions urging a reprieve are being circulated in many Canadian and American cities. Arrangements have been made for the prisoner to be taken to a hospital next month, when a visit of the stork is expected.

MORGAN GETS RICH RELICS

Secures Collection of Data Relating to Marie Antoinette.

London, June 13—J. Pierpont Morgan has acquired Lord Ronald Gower's collection of portraits, documents and personal relics relating to Marie Antoinette. These include a complete collection of medals and miniatures.

CANADIAN FORESTERS MEET

Toronto, Ont., June 13.—The annual convention of the High Court of the Canadian Order of Foresters met in this city today with an attendance of about 500 delegates representing local branches of the order throughout the Dominion.

WOULD IMPRISON TRUST HEADS

Wickersham May Be Ordered to Prosecute Tobacco Men.

Washington, June 13.—Following the refusal of Attorney General Wickersham to furnish to the house information as to whether criminal actions are being prepared against officials of the American Tobacco Co., Representative Byrns, of Tennessee, introduced a concurrent resolution directing Mr. Wickersham to proceed at once against these officers under the criminal section of the anti-trust laws.

The information which Mr. Wickersham refused was asked in a house resolution introduced by Mr. Byrns. Mr. Wickersham replied that he did not believe it "compatible with the public interest" to make public the plans of the department of justice.

The resolution names the 29 individual defendants in the American Tobacco Co. case recently prosecuted by the department and the American Tobacco Co. and all its subsidiary companies.

FELL IN LOVE WITH WRITER

Miss Bellamy's Romance Makes Her Bride of Intrepid Hunter.

Pittsfield, Mass., June 13.—Ralph Earnshaw, a tea grower near Rangoon, India, and a brother of Mrs. Eugene W. Bachman, of this city, has gone to Cleveland, O., to be married Tuesday to Miss Marion, daughter of the late Edward Bellamy, author of Looking Backward.

When Earnshaw was in the jungles he wrote a series of articles for a newspaper owned by Edward Bellamy's brother. Miss Bellamy was the proofreader and became interested in the intrepid hunter. That was ten years ago. A correspondence that began with a request for more copy ends now in Miss Bellamy's becoming the hunter's bride.

POPE WOULD WIN ENGLAND

Says Conversion of English Speaking Lands Dearest Hope.

Rome, Italy, June 13.—Cardinal Merry del Val Sunday ordained as subdeacons six English clergymen who abjured Protestantism and entered the ecclesiastical nobles' academy here with the object of joining the Catholic priesthood. The ordination was held in the Pauline chapel in the vatican.

The pope said it afforded him the greatest consolation that six Protestnat cilergymen should join the church, as he was convinced that their example would be followed by other Anglicans in England and America.

Continuing, the pope said that he prayed daily for the conversion of England, which constituted his fondest hope, as he believed that if this occurred it would lead to the conversion of all English-speaking countries.

After the address, which deeply moved the converts, the pope knelt and recited a prayer for the conversion of the English-speaking countries. He then asked the subdeacons to join him in repeating the same prayer every day of their lives.

BULLET HOLE IN STOKES' HAT

Police Make Public Evidence Pointing to Murder Intent.

New York, June 13.—A new development in the shooting of W. E. D. Stokes, owner of the Ansonia hotel, in the Varuna apartments last Wednesday by two young women, Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad, was made known by the police today. It was to the effect that they have Stokes' plush Alpine hat in their possession and that there is a bullet hole in the rim of the hat.

The police say the revolvers were purchased by the young women on the afternoon of May 31. That morning, they say, Miss Conrad had called upon Stokes and secured a letter of introduction to the editor of the Evening Mail.

MRS. CATT HEADS SUFFRAGISTS

American Re-elected by International Convention at Stockholm.

Stolkholm, June 13.—The sixth congress of the International Woman's Suffrage alliance opened here yesterday, with a thousand delegates from Europe, the United States, Australia and South Africa present.

The address of welcome was made by Mrs. Anna Whitlock, of Sweden, after which Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was re-elected president.

RULED IN SUGAR WITH PITTANCE

Havemeyer Held Little Stock in Huge Corporation, Says Witness.

Washington, June 12.—So carefully guarded were the operations of the American Sugar Refining Co. up to less than two years ago, E. F. Atkins, vice president and acting head of the corporation, told the special "sugar trust" investigating committee of the house today that stockholders were accorded no information as to how the company was being conducted.

The condition grew so onerous, the witness said, that the New England stockholders combined and obtained control. When they did so, in 1910 they discovered to their astonishment that H. O. Havemeyer, the presiding genius of the organizaton, had maintained his supremacy with only 2,000 shares of stock.

Want About $200,000.

The holdings of Mr. Havemeyer at the time of his death, Mr. Atkins said, were valued at about $200,000 of a total of $90,000,000 in the American Sugar Refining Co.

"That was a surprising discovery," he declared. "It had been generally supposed that Mr. Havemeyer owned the greater part of the stock."

Mr. Atkins said the New England interests obtained control after a committee discovered from an examination that of the stock owners of the American Sugar Refining Co. 63 per cent were New Englanders."

"We found that there were 18,000 New England owners," said Mr. Atkins, "and 10,000 of those were women.

They were helpless as far as representation was concerned, and I was urged to take a place on the board, which I did."

He explained how control for the New England holders was secured by his election and the election also of Samuel Carr, Charles H. Allen, W. B. Thomas and Edward Marston, all of whom now represent that majority of the stockholders known as the New England syndicate.

The committee first has taken up the American Sugar Refining Co. to determine whether the corporation is operating in violation of the anti-trust or interstate commerce laws.

James M. Beck, formerly assistant attorney general, appeared today as counsel for the Refining company, and Edwin F. Atkin, of Boston, vice president and acting president of the American Sugar Refining Co., was the first witness examined.

Mr. Atkins said the purpose of the formation of the American Sugar Refining Co. in 1887 was to put on their feet a number of sugar refineries that had been operating at a loss. He said the companies had been working without profits for a number of years.

Cost Was Great.

"The cost of producton of refined sugar had been so great," said Mr. Atkins, "that it was believed a union of refineries would result in greatly reducing the expense."

"Did you expect through this means to avoid some of the competition?" asked Chairman Hardwick.

"Well, I suppose it had some effect of that kind."

The witness said that 17 refineries joined in this merger in 1887, which was arranged by H. O. Havemeyer. Almost all of them, he said, had been doing business at an excessive cost, and they were scattered throughout New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maine, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and Missouri. He was unable to say what percentage of the refined sugar production they controlled.

"BABY" HOUSE MEMBER WEDS

Washington, June 12.—William Stuart Reyburn, "baby" member of the house of representatives and son of Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia, was married Saturday to Miss Georgia F. Maury, of this city.

Mistook Snake for Whip.

Putnam Cor. Hartford Courant.

George Deady, a farmhand living in Wilsonville, had a hot time the other day, and he fainted dead away from fright. Deady picked up what he thought was the tip of a horsewhip in the grass beside the road, only to find that the horsewhip was alive. It proved to be a blacksnake. It wound around Deady's arm and poked its head in Deady's face and glared at him.

Deady let out a yell that could be heard all over Wilsonville and ran to Henry Pearl and implored him to pull the snake off his arm. Pearl refused to meddle, saying he was no snake charmer, whereupon Deady fainted in the road. Pearl says the snake then uncoiled and wiggled off into the bushes. It was about five feet long.

The Queen's Coachman.

London Chronicle.

There is one person, or rather personage who will play a very important part in the forthcoming coronation, and he is the driver of the state coach. A king's coachman is usually aware of the dignity which surrounds his office. Certainly the coachman to her late majesty Queen Victoria had no mean misgivings on that score. At the 1887 jubilee this functionary was asked if he was driving any of the royal and imperial guests who were at that time quarantined in Buckingham palace.

"No, sir," was the crushing reply. "I am the queen's coachman; I don't drive any of the riff-raff."

Loses Life for 50 Cents.

New York World.

In trying to win a bet of 50 cents, and to prove to friends that he was a daring climber and not afraid to look down from great heights, Foster Anderson started up a 40-foot flagpole at Bergenline avenue and Eleventh street.

Anderson, who was married, and the father of three small children, laughed when he called to a party of friends:

"This is the easiest money I ever won."

He reached the top of the pole without apparent exertion, and then to make sure of winning his bet he stood on top of it. He lost his balance and dived to the street. His death followed a few minutes later.

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Why Kansas Woman Got Mad.

Emporia Gazette.

A farmer's wife hitched her horse in front of a store on Sixth avenue one day last week and went about her business. A hurry up order came to the merchant and he told one of his clerks to appropriate the horse and buggy for the delivery.

The youth hopped into the rig and started up the street "lickety split." Just then the farmer's wife spied the departing buggy and with thoughts of horse thief uppermost in her mind trailed the buggy, screeching madly as she went. Her yells sufficed to organize an impromptu posse and a rider on a wheel overtook the driver as he was getting rid of the hurry up butter and codfish. Fully half as many words as were widely flung in Emporia's famed street car struggle were necessary to explain the situation to the irate farmer's spouse.

A Fable.

An Ass hobbled painfully along the Highway and met a Fox.

"You seem to be in Pain," said the Fox. "What ails you?"

"I have a Thorn in my Foot," sobbed the Ass, "and it hurts me sore."

"Let me pull it out," offered the Fox.

"Nay, nay!" cried the Sufferer. "It hurts me more to have a thorn pulled out than to keep it in!"

This fable reminds us that undesirable wives are like thorns. One cannot get rid of them without Pain. But only an Ass hesitates when Heroic Treatment is suggested.

WALL STREET HOODOOS

Men Who for No Apparent Reason Do Not Succeed in Business.

The Strand.

Wall Street people are superstitious They will deny it when told so, but if you ask any one in the Street if he ever knew a hoodoo he will say, "Yes, many a one."

Such a one was a cotton expert who, highly recommended, applied for a place with a Stock Exchange house that had bought a Cotton Exchange membership and needed a man to open a new field of speculation to its clients.

The applicant was in every way desirable save for the fact that three houses with whom he had been connected had failed, though not one for a dishonest reason. He was rejected as a hoodoo.

Shortly aterward he made a connection with another house to fill a similar want and proved a very valuable man in his sphere, but within a year the fourth house failed.

The hoodoo is often a man whom everybody likes, speaks well of and recommends to every one else, with the one reservation—he is a man who unaccountably has not succeeded. There is nothing whatever against him; he is honest and shrewd and all that, but—unsuccessful.

Once the hoodoo becomes known as such he must attach himself to the newcomers—those who do not know, have not been warned or who are so new and confident as not to care. Each connection he makes is a little less desirable, until he finally reaches the stage at which he is ashamed of his associations.

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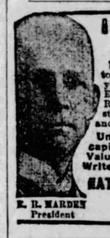

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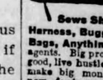

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Wrinkles of the Heart.

Often as I saunter slowly through the city great and vast,
As I watch the men and women old and youthful walking past,
Oh, the many wrinkled faces, faded eyes of brown and blue!
And I wonder, as I saunter, if the hearts have wrinkles, too.

Time is merciless, relentless—neither face nor form doth spare,
Time is ever hurrying onward spite the agonizing prayer,
And the wrinkles of his making come unsought to me and you,
But the face is deeper furrowed if the heart has wrinkles, too.

Youth is beautiful, alluring, but with age comes deeper thought,
And the heart mature and mellow with richer insight fraught,
And time's wrinkles bring a beauty the soul be brave and true.
But old age has lost its glory if the heart has wrinkles, too.

Sorrows come to all, and heartache fortune is a fickle god,
Thorns a-plenty 'mong the roses strew the path our feet have trod;
So all honor to the wrinkles when the soul shines steadfast through,
And all pity for the furrows when the heart has wrinkles, too.

—Nanno Woods, in Los Angeles Express.

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